

THE
Fortunate Shepherdes;

A PASTORAL TALE.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS, A.M.

SCHOOLMASTER AT LOCHLEE.

RURAL LOVE;

A TALE.

BY THE LATE MR. FRANCIS DOUGLAS.

THE FARMER'S HA'.

BY DR. CHARLES KEITH.

AND

WILL AND JEAN.

OWRE TRUE A TALE!



ABERDEEN:

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THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS

TO THE PRESENT TIME

VOLUME I

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY J. H. HARRIS

WITH A HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

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T O

Mr. ALEXANDER ROSS, at *Lochlee*,

*Author of THE FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS, and other
Poems in the Broad Scotch Dialect.*

(WRITTEN BY DR. BEATTIE.)

O ROSS, thou wale of hearty cocks,
Sae crouse and canty with thy jokes,
Thy hamely auld warld muse provokes
Me for a while,
To ape our good plain country folks
In verse and style.
Sure never carle was half fae gabby,
E'er since the winsome days of Habby,
O mayst thou ne'er gang clung or shabby,
Nor miss thy snaker!
Or I'll call Fortune, Nasty Drabby,
And say, Pox take her.
O may the roupe ne'er roust thy weason!
May thrift thy thrapple never gizzen!
But bottled ale in mony a dizen,
Aye lade thy gantry!
And fouth of vivres, all in season,
Plenish thy pantry!
Lang may thy stevin fill with glee
The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
Which were right goufty but for thee,
Whose songs enamour
Ilk lass, and teach wi' melody
The rocks to yamour.

We've peace, (and that's well worth it a')

And meat and claith.

Our fine new-fangle sparks, I grant ye,

Gie poor auld Scotland mony a taunty :

They're grown so ugertfu' and vaunty,

And capernoited,

They guide her like a canker'd aunty,

That's deaf and doited.

Sae comes of ignorance, I trow ;

'Tis this that crooks their ill-fa'r'd mou'

With jokes fae course, they gar fouk spew

For downright skonner,

For Scotland wants na fons enew

To do her honour.

I here might gie a skreed of names,

Dawties of Heliconian Dames!

The foremost place GAVIN DOUGLAS * claims,

That pawky priest.

And wha can match the First King JAMES†

For fang or jest?

MONTGOMERY † grave, and RAMSAY gay,

DUNBAR ||, SCOT §; HAWTHORNDEN, and mae

Than I can tell, for o' my fay

I maun brak aff;

'Twould take a live lang summer day

To name the half.

* Bishop of Dunkeld, the celebrated translator of Virgil's Eneid. He died, anno 1522.

† Author of 'Christ Kirk on the Green,' &c.

‡ He wrote 'The Cherry and the Slae.'

|| Author of 'The Thistle and the Rose.'

§ Author of 'The Vision,' a Poem.

The faucy chieils—I think they ca' them
Critics—the muckle sorrow claw them,
(For menfe nor manners ne'er could awe them
Frae their presumption)

They need not try thy jokes to fathom,
They want rumgumption.

But ilk Mearns and Angus bairn
Thy tales and fangs by heart shall learn ;
And chiels shall come frae 'yont the Cairn-
-a-mounth, right vousty,
If Rofs will be so kind as share in
Their pint at Drousty.



HELENORE;

O R,

The Fortunate Shepherdes.

INVOCATION.

COME, SCOT^A, thou that anes upon a day.
Gar'd Allan Ramsay's hungry heart-strings play
The merriest fangs that ever yet were sung,
Pity anes mair, for I'm outthrow as clung.
'Twas that grim gossip, chandler-chafed want,
With threed-bair claithing, and an ambry scant,
Made him cry o'thee, to blaw throw his pen,
Wi' leed, that well might help him to come ben,
An' crack amo' the best of ilka sex,
An' shape his houghs to gentle bows and becks.
He wan thy heart, well wordy o't poor man,
Take yet another gangrell by the han';
As gryt's my mister, an my duds as bair,
And I as sib as he was ilka hair:
Mak me but half as canny, there's no fear,
Though I be auld, but I'll yet gather gear.

O gin thou hadst not heard him first o'erwell,
 When he got maughts to write *The Shepherd's Tale*,
 I meith ha had some chance of landing fair,
 But O that fang's the mither of my care!
 What wad I geen, that thou hadst put thy thumb
 Upo' the well-tauld tale, till I had come;
 Then led my hand alongst it line for line,
 O to my dieing day, how I wad shine;
 An' as far yont it, as syn Habbie plaid,
 Or Ga'in on Virgil matchless skill display'd:
 An' mair I wadna wifs. But Ramsay bears
 The gree himsel, and the green laurels wears:
 Well mat he brook them, for tho' ye had spair'd,
 The task to me, Pate meith na been a laird:
 'Tis may be better, I'll take fat ye gee,
 Ye're nae toom-handed gin your heart be free:
 But I'll be willing gin ye bid me write,
 Blind horse they say ride hardly to the fight;
 And by good hap, may come again, but scorn,
 They are no kempers a' that shear the corn.
 Then Scota heard, and said, Your rough-spun ware
 Sounds but right doust an' fowsome to my ear;
 Do ye pretend to write like my ain bairn,
 Or onie ane that wins beyont the Kairn?
 Ye're far mistaen gin ye think sic a thought,
 The *Gentle Shepherd's* nae fae easy wrought;
 There's scenes an' acts, there's drift an' there's
 design,
 An' a' maun like a new-ground whittle shine;
 Sick wimpl'd wark would crack a pow like thine. }
 Kind mistrefs, says I, gin this be your fear,
 Charge nae mair shot, than what the piece'll bear.
 Something but seenes or acts, that kittle game,
 Yet what may please, bid me sit down an' frame.
 Gae, then, she says, nor deave me with your dinn,
 PUFF—I inspire you, fae you may begin.

f ye o'er fothersome, turn tapfie turvy,
Blame your ain haste, an' say not that I spur ye.
But found an' seelfu' as I bid you write,
An' ready hae your pen, when I indite:
Speak my ain leed, 'tis gueed auld Scots I mean,
Your Southern gnaps, I count not worth a preen.
We've words a fouth, that we can ca' our ain,
Though frae them now my childer fair refrain,
An' are to my gueed auld proverb confeerin,
Neither gueed fish nor flesh, nor yet sa't herrin.
Gin this ye do, an' lyn your rime wi' sence,
But ye'll make friends of fremmet fouk, fa kens?
Wi' thir injunctions ye may set you down:
Mistris, says I, I'm at your biding boun.

Sae I begins, my pen into my hand,
My lug just hearkning, as she should command.
But then about her, there was sic a din,
Some seeking this, some that, some out some in,
That its nae wonder, though I aft gae wrang,
An' for my ain, set down my neiper's sang;
For hundreds mair were learning at her school,
And some wrote fair, an' some like me wrote foul.

CANTO I.

WHEN yet the leal an' ae-fauld shepherd life,
Was nae oergane by falshood, sturt an' strife,
But here and there part o' that seelfu' race,
Kept love an' lawty o' their honest face,
Though long ere than, lowns had begun to spread,
An' riesing heership, was become a trade.
Yet of the honest sort, that did nae ken,
Naething but what was downright fair an' plain,
A sonfie pair of lad an' lass was found,
Wha honest love, wi' halie wedlock crown'd.

For joining hands they just wère feer for feer,
An' liv'd to other, as A to B as near.

For bonnynefs an' other good outthrow,
They were as right as ever trade the dew.

The lad was Colen, and the las was Jane,
An' howsoon as the jimp three raiths was gane,
The dentyest wean bony Jane fuish hame,
To flesh or blood, that ever had a claim :

The name the wean gat, was *Helenore*,
That her ain grandame brooked lang before.

Gryt was the care an' tut'ry that was ha'en,
Baith night an' day about the bony wean.

The jizzen-bed wi' rantree leaves was fain'd,
An' sick like craft as the auld grandys kend.

Jane's paps wi' fa't and water wathen clean,
For fear her milk gat wrang fan it was green.

Then the first hippen to the green was flung,
And unko' words thereat baith said an' sung.

A burning coal with the hett tangs was ta'en,
Frae out the ingle mids, well burnt an' clean.

An' through the corfy-belly letten fa,
For fear the wean should be ta'en awa'.

Dowing an' growing was the dayly prayer,
An' Nory tended was wi' unko' care.

The oddest fike an' fisle, that e'er was seen,
Was by the mither an' twa grandys ta'en.

An' the twa bobbys were baith fidging fain,
That they had gotten an oye o' their ain.

An' bony Nory answer'd a' their care,
For well she throove and halefome was an' fair.

As clear an' calour as a water trout,

An' with her growth her beauty ay did sprout.

When Helenore, a gangrel now was grown,
And had begun to toddle about the town,

An honest neiper man, Ralph was his name,
That liv'd on the same tenement with them,

A dainty stirrah had, twa years out gane,
An' he was now well ta'en the rode him lane.
The calland's name was *Rosalind*, an' they
Yeed hand in hand together at the play.
An' as the billy had the start of yeeld,
To Norry he was ay a tenty beeld.
Wad help her up, fan she wad chance to fa',
Wad gather gowans, an' string them on a straw,
An' knit about her bony neck an' arms,
An' be as tenty to keep off all harms,
As ever hen upo' the midden head,
Wad tent her chickens frae the greedy glaid;
'Twas then that Cupid ettled aff a shaft,
An' stang the weans, strangers to his craft,
That baith their hearts bett wi' the common stound,
But had na pain, but pleasure o' the wound.

As they grew up, alike their liking grew,
As ever grafs wet with the morning dew,
Like was their pleasure, an' alike their pain,
An' baith alike were angry an' were fain:
When they were able now to herd the ewes,
They yeed together through the heights an' hows.
Whilsoms they tented, an' sometimes they plaid,
An' sometimes rashen hatts or buckies made.

But on a day as Lindy was fu' thrang,
Weaving a snood, an' thinking on nae wrang;
An' baith curcudduch an' their heads bow'd down,
Auld fleeket lowrie fetcht, a wyllie roun;
An' claught a lamb anoner Nory's care,
She spy'd the thief, an' gae the reefu' rair:
Lindy bangs up, an' flang his snood awa',
An' i' the haste of rinning catcht a fa',
Flaught bred upon his face, an' there he lay.
Nory's pursuing as fast as she may;
The cries an' yaumers gar'd the thief let gang
The fakeless bea'st, but not without great wrang,

For 'tweish twa hillocks the poor lambie lies,
 An' ay fell forthert, as it shoope to rise:
 But that was naething to the dreary knell,
 Yeed till her heart fan her dear Lindy fell.

Fan she came too, he never made to steer,
 Nor answer gae to ought that she could speer;
 Like to distract she lifted up his head,
 Cry'd, Lindy! Lindy! waes me are ye dead?
 Nae answer yet, for he had fa'en afwoon,
 His face got sick a dird upo' the ground:
 An awful hole was dung intill his brow,
 An' lappert bleed was smeer'd around his mou'.
 But howsomever in a little wee,
 Himsel he gathers and begins to see:
 An' first he spies poor Nory greeting fair,
 An' says, O 'oman fat makes a' your care,
 Has the onbeast your lambie taen awa'?
 Nae that, she says, but 'cause ye gotten a fa';
 Up by the lambie's lying yonder styth:
 But makesna, that its nae your fell I'm blyth.
 For fan I fand you, I thought haleumlie,
 That ye wad never speak again to me:
 I spake to you, but ye nae answer made,
 An' then with baith my hands I rais'd your head;
 But never a finacle of life was there,
 An' I was just the neest thing to despair;
 But well's my heart that ye are come alift,
 The lamb's awa', an' it'll never be mist:
 We'll ablins get a flyte, an' ablins nane,
 We'll say it was fan ye fell o' the stane,
 An' hurt fae fair as cud na rise your lane.
 Try gin ye'll creep unto this strypie here,
 An' I will wash your face wi' water clear.
 But a' her washing cud na stench the bleed,
 In haste then Nory for the stench-girls geed:

For these auld world fouks had wondrous can,
Of herbs that were baith good for beast an' man,
An' did wi' care the canny knack impart,
Unto their bairns, an' taught them a' the art.
Back with the hale some girls in haste she hy'd,
An' tentyly unto the fair apply'd:
The bleed was stench'd, an' syne that stench'd their
care,

A plantane leaf was clapped o' the fair.
Now Lindy is as canty as a midge,
An' Nory at it did for blythness fidge:
Took frae her pouch a glack of bread an' cheese,
And with a smirtle unto Lindy gees;
He takes an' eats, an' Nory does the same,
Then look their ewes, an' back unto their game.

By this time Lindy is right well shot out,
'Twixt nine and ten I think, or there about;
Nae burfen bailch, nae wandough or misgrown,
But plump an' swack an' like an apple round.
As onie kurch his hair baith white and lang,
Like tap of lint down o'er his shoulders hang.
His cheeks they were as onie cherie red,
An' his twa eyn were clear as onie bead.
Fu' o' good nature, sharp an' snell with a',
An' kibble grown at shaking of a fa'.
Nae billie like him fell a' round about,
That mows or earnest durst gee him a clout.
An' Nory was the bonnyest lassie grown,
That ever was in landert or in town.
A hellzier she than Lindy younger was,
But for her growth was much about a pass;
Her hair was like the very threads of goud,
First hang well down, and then in ringlets row'd;
Pure red and white, her mother o'er again,
And bonnier, gin bonnier could ha' been.

Ye cou'd na look your fairin' at her face,
So meek it was, so sweet, so fu' o' grace,
Her cherry-cheeks ye might bleed wi' a strae,
Syne she was swift and souple like a rae,
Swack like an eel, and calour like a trout,
And she became a fairly round about;
Fan she among the neiper bairns was seen,
At greedy glade, or warpling on the green,
She 'clipst them a', and gar'd them look like draff,
For she was like the corn, and they the caw;
The girls about envied the lassie's fare,
And wisht her skaith, but disappointed were.

While through their teens the youth and maid
advance,

Their kindling eyes with keener transport glance.
But wi' mair wyles and cann they bet the flame,
And aye as they grew up, sae grew their shame;
The other herds young Lindy fair'd wi' scorn,
And mair and mair stroove to blaw up the horn;
And gin together some o' them had gane,
To play the penny or the putting stane,
If Lindy chanc'd, as synle was his lot,
To play a wrangous or a feckless shot,
Jeering they'd say, Poor Lindy's maughtless grown,
But maksna, 'tis a browst that he has brown,
Gin he 'bout Nory lesser fyke had made,
He had na been sae smearless at the trade.
For they were a' just like to eat their thumb,
That he wi' Nory sae far ben shou'd come.
Nor was't a fairly, for she well meith be,
Gentle or simple, a maik to any he,
For flesh and bleed, fat needs there ony mair;
This was their grudge, and ground of a' their care.
The lasses too, for they were ilka ane
Wi' Lindy's features and his beauty ta'en,
Taunted poor Nory, and began to say,

They kent where they saw him and her sik day.
Now Nory was as modest as a fleuk,
And at their jeering wist no how to look;
And fan her jo she happen wad to see,
Right dowie i' the dumps she'd seem to be.
This thrawart carriage gar'd him wonder fair,
And speir what was the ground o' this her care;
Wi' blushes that bespoke her love and pain,
She makes reply, I warrant ye may ken.
Well, Nory, says he, never fash your thumb,
Gin I hald heal, I's gar them a' sing dumb,
And gin I get but muckle o' their din,
I'll try whilk o' us has the thickest skin.
It sets them well into our thrang to spy,
They'd better whisht, reed I sud raise a fry;
And for yon giglet huffies i' the glen,
That night and day are floaning o' the men,
Aye shakin' fa's, and aft times o' their back,
And just as light as ever the queen's plack;
They well may had their tongues, I'm sure that they
Had never ground the like on us to say.
Tell Jenny Cock, gin she jeer any mair,
Ye ken, where Dick curfuss'd a' her hair,
Took aff her snood, and syne when she yeed hame,
Boot say she tint it, nor durst tell for shame;
That word, I think, will fair to stap her mou',
And I mysell can tell, that that was true:
But fat's the matter? let them say their fill,
Gin they speak truth, they canna speak no ill,
And gin they lie, they'll hae the warst themfells,
Let them ne'er halt till they win hood and bells.

Thus he his Nory cocker'd up again,
And cur'd her heart of a' its dreary pain.
For when love dwells between twa lovers leel,
Nor good nor ill from ither they conceal:

Whate'er betides them, it relives their heart,
When they get scouth their dolor to impart.

But yet, alas, for all our lovers arts,
They could not hide what past within their hearts.
Baith mill and smithy had it now fu' rife,
That Lindy and Nory wad be man and wife.

Even the auld fouks themselves were mair nor fain,
Whan o' the bargin they began to ken :

But tho' the young fouks liked ither fair,
They never yet fand dint o' warld's care,
For marriage was far far out of their sight,
As their intrigue was honest and upright.

They never minded mair, but meet and daut,
And thought the time but jimp enough for that.

Yet on a time when they their tryst had made,
To meet and crack aneth a birken shade,

And were well fet, and kisses gain' ding dang,
Says Lindy, we man marry now ere lang ;

Fouk will speak o's, and fash us wi' the kirk,
Gin we be seen the gither in the mirk.

I ken na, quoth she, we're o'er young I fear,
Of house or hadding yet to hae the care ;

Ye see how Rob and Jeeny's gane, sin they
Hae pitten o'er their head the merry day.

Ye shanna see, I'm fure, a poorer pair,
For back and belly, they are pincht and bare.

They've gotten a geet that stills not night nor day,
Their ae best cow I saw them lately slay,

That for plain poortith lair'd intill a bog ;

Besides they hae na either ewe or hog.

Sick snibs as that may fair to let us see,

That 'tis far better to be loofe and free.

A better life I'm fure we canna lead,

Our meat and claith are baith bound till our head,

Fan down's our head, as we hae heard it said,

Our house is happed, and our mailen paid.

Quo' he, I grant 'tis a' true that ye speak,
But yet ae swallow does na summer make :
Gin we hald heal, we need no dridder mair,
Ye ken we winna be set down so bare.
And then at hame the stocking is na sma',
And nane to seek or get it, but we twa.
That's true, and true enough, but yet, quo' she,
There is nae time o'ergane for you nor me.
But what if some mischance sud cut us short,
Quo' he, and after a' sud spoil the sport.
What if some wealthy chield sud chance to come,
Just ready for a wife, as ay there's some,
And wi' your father sic an ear sud get,
As gar him strike the iron when 'tis het ;
How stand poor I, o'erta'en wi' sick a' trick,
To look like blunty, and the supshaft lick ?
Na, na, quo she, ye need no hae sic fear,
They ken ye like me, and they ken ye've gear :
And gin ye wad but shoot it by a while,
I ken a thing, that wad your fears beguile :
But I think shame, because it speaks of me.
Hang shame, quo Lindy, and be frank and free.
Well, nae langsyne, fan our auld fouks were laid
And taking their ain crack into their bed ;
Weening that I was sleeping, they began
To speak about my getting of a man ;
My father first did at my mither spear,
Heary, is Nory fifteen out this year ?
A well I wat is she, my mither says,
Had she a woman's wit, she has her days.
Ha never an hour does Nory want, lat's see,
But bare five months, her saxteen out to be ;
And gin ye mind, I but synteen was out,
Fan we forgather'd, or just thereabout.

I mind it well enough, and well I may,
 At well I danc'd wi' you on your birth day;
 Ay, heary, quo she, now but that's awa';
 Dainta, quo he, let never warfe befa';
 We're well enough, and hae baith meat and claith,
 And o'er bauld to complain at other skaith.
 We manna ay be young, quo she, that's true,
 But fat think ye o' Nory's courtship now?
 Lindy and she, I hear, are unco thrang,
 'Tis nae secret now, the news is gaing ding-dang.
 Auld Maggy Procter speer'd at me last day,
 I said, I kent na, it might e'en be sae;
 Young fouks'll ay be looking them about,
 And that they're doing sae, I make nae doubt.
 Well heary, quo he, but fat think ye o't?
 That it were true I wish I gae my coat.
 My mither says, I like the lad right well,
 For I like ay the verity to tell.
 He may well fair, the best day e'er she raise,
 Quo he, I ken nought unto his dispraise;
 He's a gueed lad, and that's the best of a',
 And for the gear, his father well can draw;
 For he's nae boss, fix score o' lambs this year,
 That's heartning gueed, the match is feer for feer.
 That's true, quo she, but we'll behad a wee,
 She's but a tangle, though shot out she be,
 She'll be mair stivvage and for docker meet,
 If she a toumon be behadden yet.
 Ye's get your will, quo he, 'tis nae far back,
 Sin Ralph and I about it had a crack;
 They like the bargain just as well as we,
 And it's nae matter fan the marriage be.
 Kifs o' thy mou', for sic a welcome tale,
 The lad reply'd, I wat thou's get it leel;
 Well mat thou thram, for sin thou's been so free,
 I for a whyllie yet sal lat thee be;

Though fair against my will, for ye may ken,
I had drink frae drowth is fair against the grain.

Now Flaviana was the country's name,

That ay that bonny water-side did claim,
Frae yellow sands that trindled down the same. }

The fouks were wealthy, store was a' their stock,

Wi' this, but little cunzie, did they trock;

Frae 'mang the beasts his honour got his fa',

And got but little filler, or nane awa.

ang. The water keelly on a level fled,

Wi' little din, but couthy what it made.

On ilka side, the trees grew thick and strang,

And wi' the birds they a' were in a fang;

On ev'ry side, a full bow-shot and mair,

The green was even, gowany, and fair;

With easy sklent, on ev'ry hand the braes,

To right well up, wi' scatter'd buffes raise;

Wi' goats and sheep aboon, and ky below,

The bonny braes a' in a swarm did go.

Nae property these honest shepherds pled,

All kept alike, and all in common fed.

But ah! misfortune! while they fear'd no ill,

A crowd of Kettrin did their forest fill;

feer. On ilka side they took it in wi' care;

And in the ca' nor cow nor ewe did spare.

The fackless shepherds stroove wi' might and main,

To turn the dreary chase, but all in vain;

They had nae maughts for sic a toilsome task,

For bare-fac'd robbery had put aff the mask.

Amo' the herds, that plaid a maughty part,

Young Lindy kyth'd himsel wi' hand and heart.

But mair than master maws the field, and sae

It far'd wi' him, poor man, that hapless day.

Three fellows bauld, and like to lions strang,

ee, Were a' his wrack, and wrought him a' his wrang,

On him laid hands, when he dow do na mair,
 And wi' teugh raips they band him hard and fair,
 Then left him lying till they sud come back,
 Hame for a brag intending him to tak;
 The fouk at hame by this time hae their care,
 And that the gueeds are byding wonder fair.
 To hillock-heads and knows, man, wife and wean,
 To spy about them gather ilka ane;
 Some of them running here, some of them there,
 And a' in greatest mazerment and care.
 Nory, poor 'oman, had some farder gane,
 For Lindy fly'd, and standing was her lane,
 When up there comes twa shepherds out of breath,
 Rais'd like and blasting, and as haw as death.
 Wow, Nory says, what is the cause the day,
 That gueeds and shepherds hae made sic a stay?
 Of gueeds and shepherds, 'oman, speak nae mair,
 Dowie's this day, and gae the reefu' rair;
 'They're a' made hership, and for ought we ken,
 The herds may a' be feckly ta'en or slain.
 At this sad news poor Nory taks the gate,
 What legs could lift, though it was dark and late;
 She ran and scream'd, and roove out at her hair,
 And to the glen the gainest gate can fare.
 Ay as the lads came up, the news they spread,
 I shanno tell you, what effect it had;
 For sic a ruther raise, tweesh riving hair,
 Screeding of kurches, crying dool and care,
 Wi' thud for thud upon their bare breast-bane,
 To fee't and hear't, wad brak a heart of stane;
 Poor Nory runs till she can run nae mair,
 And syne fa's down; judge gin her heart was fair;
 Out at her mou' it just was like to bout,
 Intill her lap at ilka ither thout.
 As lang as she had pith to rin or gang,
 O Lindy! Lindy! was her dowie fang:

Well Lindy, bonny Lindy, art thou dead!
He never frae this hillock lift my head.
O death, come also and be kind to me,
And frae this sad back-birn of sorrow free.
Ory what she liked, Lindy cud na hear,
As she for him a quite wrang course did steer,
Twa miles at least, for he had follow'd keen,
Till him the ruffians fae did circumveen.
In this poor pickle heartless Nory lies,
Rowing her head, amind to never rise.
The night grew mark, the mist began to fa';
The howlet shriek'd, and that was worst of a',
For ilka time the on-beast gae the yell,
In spite of grief, it gae her heart a knell.
At length, what wi' the fright, and what wi' grief,
And soupet spirits hopeless of relief,
Sleep bit and bit crap in upon her wae,
And a' was quiet,* for an hour or sae;
But yet her heart was ay upo' the flought,
Sleeping and waking, Lindy fill'd her thought.
Sair was she catcht, for ilka now and then
She'd start, and fumper, then ly o'er again.
At last her dolour gets the upper hand,
She starts to foot, but has na maughts to stand:
Hallach'd and damish'd, and scarce at her sell,
When she had thought a wee, the dowie knell
Strak till her heart, for Lindy, sharp and snell. }
'Tis yet pit dark, the yerd a' black about,
And the night-fowl began again to shout;
Through ilka limb and lith the terror thirl'd,
At every time the dowie monster skirl'd.
At last the kindly sky began to clear,
The birds to chirm, and day light to appear;
This laid her eery thoughts, but yet the pain,
For her dear Lindy, ever did remain.

When light did fair her to see round about,
Where she might be, she now began to dubt.
Nae meiths she kend, ilk hillock-head was new,
And a' thing unco' that was in her view,
Nor was it fairly, for she had na been
So far a fieldward, or sic glens had seen :
For ne'er afore, by lang twa miles and mair,
Had errands led her through the glens to fare.
On ilka hand the hills were stay and steep,
And sud she tak them, she behov'd to creep ;
Baith wit and will in her together strave,
And she's in swither how she shall behave.
The fear of Lindy wad na let her turn,
The frightful craigs and mountains gar'd her mourn.
And now for faut and mifter she was spent,
As water weak, and dweble like a bent.
Yet try't she maun, her heart it wad na fair
To think but Lindy to look hameward mair.
Up thro' the cleughs, where bink on bink was set,
Scrambling wi' hands and feet she takes the gate :
Twa hours she took, the longest of the day,
On sic a road ere she clamb up the brae.
At last when she unto the hight had won,
What kaips her there, but the sweet morning sun.
Breathless and feckless, there she sits her down,
And will and willsome spied a' her around :
Of this sae couthie blink she was right fain,
And for a wee relieved of her pain.
But toil and heat so overpower'd her pith,
That she grew tabetless, and swarft therewith.
And for a while shot out baith hand and foot,
As she had been with an elf arrow shot :
At last the dwaum yeed frae her bit and bit,
And she begins to draw her limbs and sit.
And by the help of a convenient stane,
To which she did her weary body lean,

She wins to foot, and swavering makés to gang,
And spies a spot of averens ere lang;
Right yap she yoked to the ready feast,
And lay and eat a full half hour at least;
The feckless meltet did her head o'erfset,
Cause nature frae't did little fust'nance get.
Sick, sick she grows, syn after that a wee,
When she o'er came, the tear fell in her eye;
And till her fell she made this heavy main.
Propines like this I'll get nae mair again,
Frae my dear Lindy; mony a time hast thou
Of these to me thy pouches feshen fu':
Alas! poor man, for ought that I can see,
This day thou lying in cauld bark may't be.
And waes me for't but I shall never stint,
Till of thy chance the verity be kent:
Though to the world's end my search sud be,
Dead or alive, thy bonny face I'll see.
Sae up she rises, and about she spies,
And lo! beneath a bonny burnie lies,
Out thro' the mist atweesh her and the sun,
That glanc'd and shin'd in ilka pool and lyn.
A hail hauf mile she had at least to gang,
Thro' birns and pikes and scrabs, and heather lang:
Yet, put and row, wi' mony a weary twine,
She wins at last, to where the pools did shine.
Along the burn, that busked was wi' trees,
A bonny easie beaten road she sees.
Upon the buffes, birdies sweetly sung:
Till a' the cloughs about wi' musick rung:
They seem'd to do their best to ease the fair,
But she for that was o'er far gane in care.
Yet with the pleasant roadie she was ta'en,
And down the burn she takes the road her lane;
Weening at length she might some town espy,
And sae amo' them for her Lindy try.

Now very fair the sun began to beat,
 And she is like to sconece wi' the heat :
 The summer cauts were trembling here and there,
 And clouds of midges dancing i' the air :
 The streams of sweat and tears through ither ran,
 Down Nory's cheeks, and she to fag began ;
 Wi' wae, and faut, and meethness of the day,
 Sae fair beset she was, that down she lay.
 For her gueed luck, a wee bit aff the paid,
 Grew there a tree with branches close and braid ;
 The shade beneath a canness-braid out throw,
 Held aff the sun-beams frae a bonny how ;
 Here she resolves to rest, and may be die,
 And lean'd her head unto the kindly tree.
 Her hand she had upon her haffat laid,
 And fain, fain was she of the coolriff shade.
 Short while she in this calour posture lay,
 When welcome sleep beguil'd her of her wae ;
 Three hours that blifs to her was lengthen'd out,
 When by odd chance a hunter came about ;
 A gallant youth, and O ! so finely clad,
 In his right hand a bow unbent he had ;
 A bonny page behind hard at his heel,
 Carried a sheaf of arrows shod wi' steel ;
 And knapsack clean, compactly made and neat,
 Slung o'er his head, well lin'd with gentle meat.
 As this young squire on haste is steinding by,
 Wi' a side look he sees a woman lie ;
 Jumps in the gate, but when he saw her face,
 Sae sweet, sae angel-like, and fu' of grace,
 He durst na budge, nor speak nor gang awa',
 But stood stane-still, like picture on the wa' ;
 His fill o' looking he could never get,
 On sic afore his een he never set,
 Tho' bluddert now with strypes of tears and sweat. }

As he's thus gazing, Cupid draws a shaft,
And prov'd himsell a master of the craft;
Wi' sic a twang he bent his golden bow,
The red-het arrow pierc'd him through and through.
Nae eek frae Nory's hame-spun kirtle came,
To catch the lover, or to beet the flame.
Plain was her gown, the hue was o' the ewe,
And growing scrimp, as she was i' the grow;
Tis true her head had been made up fu' sleek
The day before, and weel prin'd on her keek;
But a' her brows were out of order now,
Her hair in taitis hung down upon her brow,
To her left shoulder too her keek was worn,
Her garters tint, her shoon a' skelt and torn.
And yet she makes a conquest as she lies,
Nor had a glance been shot out frae her eyes.
Some fright he judg'd the beauty might have got,
Or met with something hapless in her lot,
And thought that she ev'n by hersell might be,
And if awaken'd fiercelins, aff might flee;
For she aft times was starting through her sleep,
And fumpering, as gin she made to weep.
Still he looks on, at last hersell she rais'd,
And round about wi' consternation gaz'd,
Upon the squire as soon's she set her eyes,
Up till her foot she bangs with great surprise;
And was to run; he claught her by the claife,
And said, Sweet lassie, hooly gin ye please;
Nae wrang yese get, bide only till I speer
What ye be seeking, or what fuish you here.
The grip detain'd her, but she cud na speak,
Her tongue for fear tint fettle in her cheek.
Then fastly more the squire intreats her stay,
At last she gae a sob, and said, Hegh hey!
O let me gang, for I hae done nae ill——
There's nane here thinks it, says he, but bide still;

Tell me what ails you, and I'll right your wrang,
Be what it list; and Ise nae hadd you lang.
My wrang, my wrang, gryte is my wrang, she says
Gin e'er you heard of Flaviana's braes;
Frae them am I, 'tis there my wrang is wrought,
Wrang unforfain'd, and that we never bought;
Rank Kettrin were they that did us the ill,
They toom'd our braes that swarming store did fill
And mair than that, I reed our herds are ta'en,
And its fair born o' me that they are slain.
For they great docker made, and tulzied strang,
Ere they would yield and let the cattle gang.
And a' the time the tears ran down her cheek,
And pinked o'er her chin upon her keek.
To hear her tale his heart was like to brak,
And fair intreated she wad courage tak;
That he would gar the gueeds come dancing hame
And them pay deep and dear, that had the blame
Then with a smile he to the maiden says,
I mind to hear of Flaviana's braes.
Fan I was young upo' the noorifs knee,
My mammy us'd to sing a sang to me,
About the braes, and Colin was the lad,
And bonny Jean the name the lassie had;
Well were they roos'd, gin a' was said be true,
And fat wat I, but they belong to you.
Gin they were bonny, ye are fae I see.
The tear again came trickling frae her eye.
Scarce could she speak, at last she sobbing says,
There was a sang ca'd Flaviana's braes;
The fouks intil't belonging were to me,
And though I say't, they could not fibber be.
But sad's the sang that we may a' sing now,
Of fouks and geer we're rich alike I trow.
Fear no, sweet lassie, fear no, he replies,
'Tis nae a' hopeless that in peril lies;

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Tak ye gueed heartning, and lay down your fears,
Come to this strype and wash awa' your tears;
He make you right enough. The kindly tale,
To gang and wash, wi' Nory did prevail.
But O! when he beheld her face so fair,
So sweet, so lovely, and so debonnaire;
In he afore was o'er the lugs in love,
But o'er the head he now was, and above.
Now ilka nook she fills within his heart,
And he resolves that they shall never part.
And to his page then says, Tak out some meat,
This lass, I'm sure, has more than need to eat;
Thank you, sir, she says, but I maun gang,
For fear that I hae bidden here o'er lang.
Na, bonny lassie, strive na with your meat,
Ye winna get this offer ilka gate.
Tho' she was shamefu', hunger made her yield,
Sae down they sat aneth the shady beild;
Wi' his ain hand he cutted aff and gae,
And eated wi' her, and gar'd her do sae.
When hunger now was flaked a little wee,
She takes hersell, and aff again she'll be:
Shamefu' she was, and skeigh like ony hare,
Nor cou'd she think of sitting longer there;
Weening that ane sae braw and gentle-like,
For nae gueed ends was making sic a fike.
She hads her hand; the squire that had an eye
Set close upon her, reed that she sud flee,
Says cannily, I'm sure ye are not faird,
Here's fouth of meat, eat on and do not spair't;
Ye're just as welcome as my heart can mak you,
Ye need no fear that any skaith o'ertak you
As lang's I'm here; for me, Ise do you nane,
Nor do I think you safe to gang your lane
Among thir hills, for ye may meet with skaith,

There's fouk gangs here, that's abler than we baith.
E'en fit you still, and rest you here with me,
And I fall ward and warsel for you be.
And tell me this, was ye a-field that day,
Fan the wild Kettrin ca'd your gueeds away?
Na, na, she says, I had na use to gang,
Unto the glen to herd this mony a lang:
Some beasts at hame was wark enough for me,
Wi' ony help I could my mither gee,
At milking beasts, and steering of the ream,
And bouchting in the ewes, when they came hame.
Well, that's all right enough, he says, but then
How enter'd ye a fieldward fae your lane?
For what cud ye do, wandring up and down?
Ye might ha gotten wrang by rogue or lown.
Or was your father, or your brother there,
That ye hae dree'd fae mikle cark and care?
She says, for brithers I hae nane of them,
And for my father, he was not frae hame;
But I to spy had wander'd out the gate,
In fairly, what had kept the gueeds fae late.
Just as I'm there, twa of our herds came by,
Rais'd like, and gain' as fast as they cou'd hy;
I speer'd fat held the gueeds fae wond'ours late?
They tauld me, what had been their dowie fate.
There me they left, and I, but any mair,
Gatewards my lane, unto the glen gan fare.
And ran o'er pow'r, and ere I bridle drew,
O'eryeed a' bounds afore I ever knew,
The night was dark, and dowie was my case,
And I began to rue my rackless race,
When day came in, and welcome was the fight,
For fear maist kill'd me in the dead of night,
I kent no where I was, but on I yeed,
But of my errand I came little speed.

Well, says he, lassie, night'll fa right now,

And in this wilsome glen, fat can ye do?
Tak ye my counsel, and gang on wi' me,
And a kind loding I fall let you see:
Sae man, but women ye shall see therein,
And be as welcome, as my mither's fin.
Synne o' the morn, we something shall contrive,
That will make matters right enough belyve.
At thir kind wordies, Nory gees consent,
Sae up they raise, and down the burn they went;
He gae the page a nod to step before,
And he himself came on wi' Helenore.
Kindly and couthy ay to her he spak,
And held her in gueed tune wi' mony a crack.
For he was ay in dread, that she might rue,
And sae he strave to keep the subject new.
Wad speer her name, and after that her eild,
Synne wi' a smile, says, Soon we'll reach the bield.
Thir shifts he us'd to quiet her demur,
But O his heart stack till her like a bur.
For as her mind began to be at faught,
In her fair face ilk sweet and bonny draught
Came to themfells, his heart fand sic a blifs,
He wad hae geen his neck, but for ae kifs.
But yet that gate he durst na mak a main,
Sae was he conjur'd by her modest een,
That tho' they wad have warm'd a heart of stane,
Had yet a cast sic freedoms to restrain.
And sae for fear he clean sud spoil the sport,
Gin anes his shepherdess sud tak the dort,
He boore upon him, and ne'er loot her ken,
That he was ony ways about her fain;
Yet many a sigh and hegh hey, was her ain,
Upon the road at ilka now and then.
At last and lang, when night began to gloom,
And eery like to fit on ilka howm,

They came at last unto a gentle place,
And wha aught it, but an auld aunt of his?
As he came in, says aunty, welcome hame,
This day, I think, ye hae made dainty game,
Where met ye, nephew, wi' that bonny lass?
Ye're nae blate, lad, to hunt in sic a case.
I've gotten a pout, and brought her living hame,
And gin I had na, wad ha been to blame.
The story's lang to tell you how we met,
But first you'll fetch us something ben to eat.
I reed this lassie needs it very fair,
Her meltit lang I ween has been but bare.
To come along, sweer was she to intreat,
And yet I kend her mister to be great.
I promis'd her gueed quarters, aunt, and ye,
Unto the lass as gueed's my word maun be.
Syne aunty cries on Betty to come ben,
See, lass, your cousin's taen a bra muir-hen,
Quo' she, a hunting he may gae again;
Sic pouts as thir may make the hunter fain.
Then says auld auntie to her dother Bess,
Ye're nae like this wi' a' your fecky dress;
She dings you wi' her hamely gown of gray,
As far's a summer dings a winter day.
Then auntie says, sit down, my bonny hen,
And tak a piece, your bed's be made the-ben:
Ye's ly wi' Betty my ain dother there,
Wha sees your bonny skin ye need na care.
For her's beside, but like aum'd leather looks,
Well fells the lad, that's farthest i' your books.
Says Betty, she shall mair nor welcome be
To take a share of bed and board wi' me:
And gin she like it, as I wifs she may,
We fanna part frae ither night nor day.
Says OLIMUND, for so they ca'd the squire,
Gramercy cousin, ye sall hae your fair,

The first time I to town or market gang :
Whilk, gin hights hadd, will be ere it be lang :
A pair of kissing-strings, and gloves fire new,
As gueed as I can wyle, shall be your due.
Says Betty, hadds you, but I think it best,
That she and I slip down and take our rest.

me, Now nane was there, but auntie and himsell,
And she says till him, I hae news to tell.
What news? he says, I wifs they may be gueed,
Of sic I'm sure that I hae mickle need.
Well, man, your father's dead. Aunt gar me trow,
Reply'd the squire, wha tauld sic news to you?
Baith tale and tales-man I to you fall tell,
Eight days aback a post came frae himsell,
Speering for you, and wondring unco fair,
That ye had broken tryst in sic affair.
I wrote him back, that ye yeed aff frae me,
Wi' time enough, at hame in time to be ;
And in gueed heal, and seem'd as fair agast,
To hear the news, and fairly'd too as fast.
This took him by the stammack very fair,
His hands he wrings, and cries out dool and care :
He's either by the kairds or gypsies ta'en,
Or what look'd likest, to the army gane.
'Bout onie threap when he and I fell out,
That was the road that he was for, but doubt.
Gin he has gane, as doubtless but he has,
He'll shortly gar us ane and a' cha' fause :
Wi' draught on draught by ilka Holland mail,
He'll eat a' faster up, than tongue can tell.
In sick a tune he bade, till at the last,
The dreary thought him in a fever cast :
Whilk wrought him fae, that in three days or less,
He was full ready for his hindmost dress,
By now I think ye need na hae great fear,
That ye maun tak the las s wi' mikle gear :

He was to blame, my brother as he was,
Against your will to bid you tak the lafs.
Ay auntie, gin ye kent the bonny aught,
'Tis true, she had of warld's gear a fraught;
But what was that to peace and faught at hame,
And whilk is warfe, to kirk and market shame;
For had my father sought the warld round,
Till he the very dightings o't had found,
An odder hag could not come in his way,
Than for my truncher what he had laid by.
An ugly hulgie-backed cankered wasp,
And like to die for breath at ilka gasp.
Her teeth, betweesh a yellow and a black,
Some out, some in, and a' of different mak;
Black hairy warts about an inch between,
O're ran her atry phyzz beneath her een;
Her head lay back, and a lang gab fat out,
Wi' the addition of a sniviling snout;
And tak her a' together, rough and right,
She wad na been by far four foot of height;
And for her temper, maik she could hae nane,
She'd gar twa paps cast out on ae breast-bane;
And yet, say what I liked, nought woud do,
But I maun gang, that bonny chap to woo.
My father he yeed with me at the first,
But a' the time, my heart was like to birst;
To think to lead my life wi' sic an ape,
I'd rather mak my tesment in a raip.
But ugly as she was, there was no cure,
But I maun kifs her 'cause I was the wooer;
My father briskly loot me see the gate,
But I assure you, I look'd wondrous blate;
And very thrawart like I yeed in by,
A young man look sae blate! says he, O fy!
Nor was it fairly, for her stinking breath
Was just enough to sconfice one to death;

But frae my father many a smack she gat;
And I, just like to spue, like blunty fat;
I canna say, but she was wondrous kind,
And for her drestes, wow but they were fine;
And monie a bonny thing was in our sight,
And a' thing that was there, was snug and tight;
Sae little wealth, I 'sure you, there we saw,
And ilka thing was rich and fine and bra';
But for it a' I did not care a straw,
And wad hae geen my neck to be awa'.
At last and lang, as we are riding hame,
My father says, yon is a wealthy dame;
What think ye, Mundy, winna ye be bra',
When ye yon bonny things your ain can ca'?
Does not your heart ly to the bargain now,
And hae ye not encouragement to woo?
A's well, I says, except what fud be best,
And when that's wrang, what worth is a' the rest?
I grant, he says, she's nae a beauty spot,
But he that wad refuse her is a sot,
Though ye look'd shy, she wad get ten for ane,
And I'll engage, she'll no be long her lane;
Her riggs'll gar the wooers come ding dang,
And she'll strike up wi' ane ere it be lang;
Sae strike the iron, laddie, when it's het,
And a' the land, and wealth, and baggage get;
Ye see her riggs run just unto our ain,
'Twill mak a swinging lairdship a' in ane,
And Mundy, she's for you aboon them a',
Sae, when 'tis at your foot, man, strike the ba'.
And mind you, billy, though ye looked dry,
Ye'll change your fashions, and gae sharp in-by:
And daut her o'er and o'er, I'll wad my head,
At the neist courting 'bout, but ye'll come speed,
But wha wad hae you, when ye sit sae dumb,
And never open mou', to say a mum?

Ye maun mak o' her, kifs her o'er and o'er,
 Say, ye're in love, and but her cannot cower:
 But for her sake, maun view the lands o' leal,
 Except she pity, and your ailment heal.
 But out o' jest, and in guded earnest, lad,
 Ye maun gae forward and the bargain had;
 Or else ye's tyne whate'er ye had of me,
 There is nae other boot, but it maun be.
 Syne in a little I maun gang again,
 And which was worst of a', maun gang my lane,
 Am bidden court and daut, and seek the lafs,
 O aunt, but I was at an unco pass!
 But I resolved upon't to put a face,
 And see gin I had kann to turn the chase.

Well, how behav'd ye? did ye gie'r the mou',
 Says aunty, neist, wi' mony a scrape and bow,
 Syne laid your arm athwart her hulgy back,
 And now and then to steal a quiet smack?

Na, by my sooth I; I came fiercelings in,
 And wi' my trantlims made a clattering din:
 And hailst her roughly, and began to say,
 I'd got a lump of my ain death this day:
 Wi' weet and wind fae tyte into my teeth,
 That it was like to cut my very breath.
 Gin this be courting, well I wat 'tis clear,
 I gat na sic a teeze this seven year.
 And ye maun gee your answer just perqueer,
 I maun na ilka day be coming here,
 To get sic snifters; courting's nae a jest,
 Another day like this'll be my priest.
 Well quo' she, nephew, that was wanton sports,
 I hope ye gar'd the lady tak the dorts.
 For sic rough courting I hae never seen,
 Sin I was born, a lad and lafs between.
 Na aunty, says he, she was not fae skeegh;
 Nor wi' her answer very blate or dreegh;

But says, I'm wae, ye've got so foul a day,
But maksna, till't grow better ye may stay.
Tho't were this month, ye're very welcome here.
Of what I hae, yese get the best of cheer.

I think, quo' she, ye're fairly nicked now.

Nae hauf fae far, he says, as ye wad trow;

I tauld her that was kind, but then that I

Nae for a night out of my bed could ly:

Or if I did, it would be seen ere day

There wad be mair than cause to rue my stay:

That I the reason did na care to tell,

It was enough, I kent the cause mysell.

Quo' she, I wifs I could your wanrest ken,

'Tis may be cause ye canna ly your lane:

Gin that be it, ye's be provided here,

Though may be, nae so gueed, but wi' as near.

I now began to think, she meant herfell,

But how my stomach raise, I fanna tell.

Na, na, quo' I, 'tis wi' ken'd fouk I ly,

I never liked yet to gang astray:

This night I maun be hame afore I sleep,

Gin ganging winna do't, though I sud creep.

Well gin ye be fae positive, she says,

I fanna argue, come back when e'er ye please,

Afore you aye your welcome ye fall find,

And blame your fell, in case ye come behind.

Ise see to that, I says, and aff I scours,

Blessing my lucky stars, and hame I tours.

Whan I came hame, the auld boy says to me,

How hae ye sped? is Ketty frank and free?

As frank, I says, as heart of man could wifs,

I hae nae fear that I my market miss.

Well, Mundy, that's a man, my father says,

We's hae you coupled then afore lang days;

Gin this day fortnight we's be cut and dry,

There may be danger in't gin we delay.

Thus wi' my lad I play'd at fast and loose,
 And he begins to think, that now I'm douse.
 Content, says I, but I maun gang and see
 My honest aunt, afore I married be.

And ye may mind, I tauld you crap and root,
 Fan I came here; and that I ne'er wad do't.

He gae consent, but bad me keep the day,
 And bring my cousins with me to the play.

A' this was gueed, I anes am win awa',
 Resolv'd ere I gae back a' nails to ca'.

Gueed was the counsel and advice ye gae,
 By helping me to shift that dreary day:

And bidding me out thro' the forest range,
 And pass the time till matters took a change;

'Twas mair nor lucky, that I was not here,
 Whan the auld man about me sent to speer;

And lucky, lucky was it that I yeed
 Out thro' the glens, and that I came sic speed,

Yon bonny creature that I fuish with me,
 Aboon a' woman-kind my wife shall be;

Except she say me nay; now, aunt, ye maun
 Lend me a lift, about her, gin ye can;

She's even now as wild as any rae,

And wad need canny guiding ere she stay;

Fan she gets up its ten to ane but she,

As she is on the flought, for aff will be;

But ye maun strive the gully well to guide,

And daut the lassie fair, to gar her bide.

But nephew, quo' she, ye're upon extremes,
 (Trying my lad) and living upon dreams;

This choice is just as unco as the last,

And fouk'll fairly at it just as fast.

A hair-brain'd little ane wagging a' wi' duds,

And looks as she had dropped frae the clouds.

What will fouk say, to see you mak the choice,

It will I 'fure you mak nae little noise.

And fat care I? let them say what they please,
Gin we heed says, we'll never sit at ease,
Replies the squire, and I hae heard yoursell
Your sentiments another way to tell;
That there in parents could be naething worse,
Than bairns to marry 'gainst their will to force.
Well, nephew, I hae done, replies the aunt,
That is my judgment, I do freely grant;
I like the lassie, Mundy, wi' my heart,
And as she's bonny, doubt na but she's smart.
The creature's young, she'll shape to any cast,
Nae tree till it be hewn, becomes a mast.

Well, aunt, ye please me now, well mat ye thrive,
Gin ye her cuddum, I'll be right belyve;
Ye ken yoursell the morn that I maun gang,
And keep the things at hame frae gaing wrang,
In any order when I things have fet,
I'll back again return withouten let.
Keep her in tune the best way that ye can,
But never mou-band till her onie man.
For I am far mistean, gin a' her care
Spring not frae some of them that missing are.
The greatest favour ye can do to me,
Frae thinking lang will be to keep her free.
Gin she grow weary, tell her I'll be back
Ere mony days, and gueed my promise mak;
Whilk was, that ever I fud bear the blame,
Gin I their gueeds gar not come dancing hame;
I need na tell you how you fud behave,
But a' unto your glegger wisdom leave;
Wi' thir injunctions, I bid you adieu,
By day and dawn the morn the bogs I'll view.

Neist day, when light in thro the window sprang,
Nory bangs up, and cries, I've lien o'er lang;

Betty, wha was upo' the catch, replies,
Lie still, sweet Nory, 'tis o'er soon to rise.
As they are cracking, aunty she comes ben,
And smiling says, how slept my bonny hen,
Betty, hae ye about her tane gueed care?
Ye're but a restless bed-fellow, I fear.
Well hae I lien, sweet mistress, Nory said,
I never lay before in sic a bed;
Sae fast and warm, and wi' sae bonny claife,
Indeed I've been fu' well at my ain ease.
Let you nor yours in sic condition be,
As yon bra' laird, well mat he thram, found me.
The bonny bed has gar'd me ly o'er lang,
I manna langer bide, but up and gang.
Huly, my bairn, hae ye nae hasty care,
Ye need no rise these couple of hours and mair.
He come again, and raise you time enough,
Our lads yet have not budg'd to yoke the plough.
Sae out she slips, and sneeks the door behin',
And Bess and Nory to their crack begin.
Woman, says Bess, I think we'll tak advice,
And e'en ly still, my mither's unco wife.
She's up, but cannot ly for want of breath,
And says that early rising did her skaith,
O'er browden'd o' the warld she was aye,
'Tis best we guide ourselves as lang's wi' may.
She says, if she were back at auld fifteen,
She'd never do again as she has done;
And sae I think we'd better now refrain,
Than wifs that we had yesterday again.

But O, says Nory, I am far frae hame,
And this last night I had a dreary dream.
My heart's yet beating wi' the unco fright,
And whan I'm waking, think I see the sight.
I thought that we were washing at our sheep
In sic a pool, and O but that was deep,

I thought therein a lad was like to drown,
His feet yeed frae him, and his head went down.
Claught-bred into the pool mysell I keest,
Weening to keep his head aboon at least;
But e'er I wist, I clean was at the float,
Manna tell you, what a gloff I got.
My een grew blind, the lad I cou'd na see,
But ane I kent na took a claught of me;
And fuish me out, and laid me down to dreep.
Sae burden'd was I, I could hardly creep.
Great was the care this stranger took of me,
And O! I thought him bonny, blyth and free.
Dry claiths, I thought, he gae me to put on,
Better by far, and brawer than my own;
And whan I had come something to mysell,
Ayont the pool I spy'd the lad that fell,
Drouked and looking unco urluch like;
A las about him made an unco fike,
Drying and dighting at him up and down,
I kent her no, but striped was her gown.
But O the skair I got into the pool,
I thought my heart had coup'd frae its hool.
And sae I waken'd glamping here and there,
I wat ye might hae found me in my care.
Said Bess, 'tis true, your fump'ring waken'd me,
And I you joundy'd that ye might be free.
As they are cracking, aunty chanc'd to pass,
And says, fu are you now, my bonny lass?
'Tis now fair-day, and Bess and ye may rise,
See lass, here's for you a new pair of stays;
And there's a gown, some langer nor your ain,
Bess, put a' well upon her, and come ben.
Now leave we Nory wi' her change of drefs,
Under the care of aunty and of Bess,

Till we inform you of poor Lindy's fate
That was left corded up at sic a rate.
Tuggling and struggling how to get him free,
He did great pyne and meikle sorrow dree.
Till with the grips he was baith black and blue
At last in twa the dowie raips he gnew.
But three hail days were outly come and gane
E'er he the task cou'd manage him alane;
And fan the raips were loos'd and a' set by,
Then Lindy to stand up began to try.
But, by your favour, that's aboon his thumb,
For he fell arselins back upon his bum.
His queets were dozen'd, and the fettle tint,
Ye in them of the raips wad seen the dint;
And mair outour, the lad wi' faut was gane,
And naething left amais't but skin and bane.
At last he shoop himsell again to stand,
Wi' help of a rough kent intill his hand,
But swaver'd, sae as ye hae often seen,
Ane for a month had in the fever been.
He takes the gate, and travels as he dow,
Hamewith thro' mony a wilsome hight and how;
To Colin's house by luck that nearest lay,
He, tired and weary, hirpled down the brae.
Whan he came in, wha's sitting there but Jean,
Poor Colin's honest wife, her liefu' lane.
Nae jot intill her hand, but greeting fair,
And looking like threescore and ten wi' care,
Tho' sax and thirty held her yet again,
Sae fair for Nory she was now in pain;
And Colin too, for he had gane to try,
Gin he the lassie thro' the hills might spy;
But tint nor tryal she had gotten nane,
Of her that first, or him that last was gane;
Fan she heard Lindy, saying, "Peace be here,"
She looked up and says, "And welcome here,"

Now, Lindy, is this ye? whare hae you been?
Hae ye our Colin, or poor Nory seen;
Na, well I wat I, 'oman, whare yeed they?
They're nae fae wood, I hope, as chase the prey.
What they hae chas'd I kenna, Jean replies,
But since they yeed frae me, 'tis lang three days;
Poor Nory gallop'd off that very night,
That wi' the gueeds we gat the dreary fright;
What was her ends, I kenna; yet I fear
That ye was at the bottom of her care.
The herds that came, set a' things here asteer,
And she ran aff as rais'd as ony deer;
Land-gates unto the hills she took the gate,
After the night was gloom'd and growing late.
We kent nae what came of her till neist day,
That the herds tauld they saw her run away.
Wi' this her father took the road, poor man,
And to the glens, like ane distracted, ran.
Of ane or other I've nae notice got,
I fear the warst, that dowie is their lot;
And I with grief am pining here my lane,
The warst three days, that o'er my head hae gane.

And are ye saying Nory is awa?

Says Lindy till her, that's the warst of a';
Hard's been my fortune for thir three days past;
But I have met the hardest at the last:
My thread of life is now worn very sma',
Just at the neck of breaking into twa;
What fusion's in it I fall freely ware,
As lang's I can, in seeking out my dear;
Great may the hardships be, that she has met,
And gotten for my sake so hard a set.
Poor 'oman! O gin I had pith to gang,
To find her out, tho't sud be ne'er so lang;

My heart's bleed for her I wad frankly ware,
Sae be I could relieve her of her care.
Then rises up, and Jean says, gueed's your cause,
For mony a day ye've plaid among the shaws;
But fair I dread, your labour will be vain,
Had she been living, she had been again.
But since ye're gaing, I fanna you withstand,
But ye maun tak a piece into your hand:
And here's a wallet stuff'd wi' cheese and bread,
To help you on the road, for ye'll hae need.
Seek wyne and onwyne, miss no height nor how,
And cry whene'er ye come upon a know.
And ilka gate ye gang baith far and near,
As well for Colin, as for Nory speer.
Alas! I wat na what to bid you dee,
Or which is dearest to me, he or she.

The gate he taks, a kent intill his hand,
And whan he raise had hardly pith to stand;
Out thro' the hills the gainest way he took,
And in his search miss'd neither hook nor crook:
But O though he was willing, he was weak,
And syne with grief his heart was like to break,
He strefs'd himsell to gang aboon his pith,
And try'd his strength with ganging limb and lith:
Aftimes he boot to set him down to rest,
The night fa's on him with thick weet and mist:
A cauld stane-side the beeld that he could mak;
All night the rain was pelting on his back:
Ae wink o' sleep, wi' grief and cauld and wet,
Out through the wilsome night he could na get.
Whan day came in, the light began to clear,
And round about he spies baith far and near:
Cries mony a Nory, but no answer hears,
Syne westlines through the glen his course he steers,
And as he yeed, the track at last he found,
Of the ca'd hership on the mossy ground;

And on he gaes anither livelang day,
But neither finds his Nory, nor the prey.
Night fa's again, and he maun tak a bield,
It was na gueed thir rugged hills could yield;
But wi' some hopes he travels on, while he
The way the hership had been driven could see;
Weening that ablins Nory might hae gane,
Upon the track, but he was fair mista'en;
For he the west, and she the east hand took,
The inwith road, by favour of the brook.
Neist day 'gainst noon he comes upon a brae,
Where many a beast at their own leisure lay:
But far beneath him, that he could na ken,
Gin ony of them might have been his ain.
A burn ran in the laigh, ayont there lay
As many feedin on the other brae;
Down gatewards to the burn his course he steers,
But in his sight no herd as yet appears;
Whan he came down, braw stepping stanes he fand,
And o'er he steps, his kent intill his hand.
Just as he landed at the other bank,
Three lusty fellows gat of him a clank;
And round about him bicker'd a' at anes,
As they were playing at the penny stanes;
And wha were they, but the same neaty three,
That with the raips gard him the dolour dree?
Ha, ha, my lad, says they, ye are nae blate,
They gang right far about, that never met:
It seems ye are na fair'd wi' what ye got,
Ye's find that we can cast a harder knot.
And till him straight, and binds him o'er again,
Till he cry'd out with the fair hanking pain;
And mony a paick unto his beef they laid,
Till with the thumps, he blue and blae was made;
Then slang him by just like a slaughter sheep,
And bad him rest him there and tak a sleep.

At night whan they were ready hame to gang,
 And shadows frae hill-heads were growing lang;
 His legs they loos'd, but flighter'd kept his hands,
 And lash'd him on before wi' birken wands,
 About his houghs, and round about his lugs,
 And at his hair loot mony unco drugs;
 When he's ca'd hame, they shot him in before,
 In a black hole, and snaply lock'd the door.
 As he is chamber'd up, he hears a grain,
 As of a body making dowie main:
 But though the voice seem'd till him unco near,
 For very fear, he durst na budge to speer,
 Whan he had lien a wee, the bodie says,
 O gin I were on Flaviana's braes!
 Naething fud gar me gae fae far afield,
 Though I at hame fud to the skin be peel'd.
 He kens the word, and says, O waes me fell,
 Is that ye, Colin, are ye there your fell?
 'Tis I, 'tis I, but tell me what are ye,
 That in this dreary darksome hole kens me?
 E'en Lindy here, your ain auld neiper's fin,
 Shackl'd baith hands and feet, wi' a fair skin:
 That's unco luck, but gueed I fanna ca't,
 And yet intill't there's something couthie fraat.
 Among ill hands yoursell as well as I,
 It seems has fallen, our fortune's been but thry.
 Anes on a day, I thought na to hae been
 Sae sadly hew'd, and sic mischances seen;
 But fat'll ye say? sic things has been afore's,
 And we maun thole them, tho' they had been worse.
 But tell me, Lindy, fat was't fuish you out,
 Or was ye ca'd awa' into the rout?
 I was na ca'd, says Lindy, but was knit,
 And in that sett, three langsome days did fit.
 Till wi' my teeth I gnaw the raips in twa,
 And wi' fair pingling wan at last awa;

Crapp hame wi' meikle ado, and fan I came
And in your house nae bodie, bat your dame;
Frae her I leart poor Nory's chance and yours,
Ae aff again what legs cud lift, I scours;
Through mony hills, till at the last, I fell
Among sic fouks as ye hae fallen yoursell.
Can came ye here? nae mair bat yesterday,
Wi' dowie tone poor Colin makes reply.
Well, man, he says, for anes we're nicked now,
And maun beneath our thrawart fortune bow.
We maun be doing, since better mauna be,
We'll ablins yet some lucky day get free.
Heard ye of Nory naething as ye yeed,
Out throw thir dowie glens, alive or dead?
Nae tint nor trial, Lindy says, I fand,
Nor could I of her hear, on ony hand.
Tis mair nor likely then, poor Colin says,
That she is at the yont end of her days;
Poor thing! she's may be picked now as bare,
By greedy beasts, as worry'd sheep or hare.
Thus ilk ane to the other made their main,
And figh'd and grat, and figh'd and grat again.
As day-light came, in the Savilians came,
Whase nature to their country gives its name;
And to the men set by a task of hay,
To work till even, frae the brak of day;
Each in their hand a scrimp hauf bannock got,
That scarce for anes wad fill their mouth and throat;
So set in view, they cud na win awa',
And boot to work, or they their backs wad claw.
Their stent was mair than they could well mak out,
And whan they fail'd their backs they foundly rout.
About mid-day they ae slim meltit sent,
And with it aftentimes the maiden went;
Nor had she aft upon this errand gane,
Till she is with the love of Lindy ta'en;

And frae the time that Cupid shot the dart,
And strak it in the bottom of her heart,
Their meltit was twice better than before,
For she ne'er stuck to gang out o'er the score.
Stoup-fulls of crouds and ream she aft wad steal,
And could her souple tricks frae minny heal.
By this my lads a better living had,
And to her for it mony blessing pray'd;
When she had gane a while, she grew mair grave,
Which made them speer why fae she did behave?
Was she found out for mending of their meal?
Or was she scrimped of content or heal?
Na, na, says she, that lad was a her care,
That was so setting with his yellow hair;
She cud na help it, but she boot to tell,
But how to cure her he knew best himsell.
Then Colin says, he wad be in the wrang,
Gin frae your heal he held you short or lang;
Sae be it be into the laddie's power,
By ony means your dowie case to cure.
For kind, and mair nor kind, to us ye've been,
Since we began to toil upon the green.
What is't that ails you? speak and dinna spare,
And gin he can, he'll ease you o' your care.
Well can he do't gin he but likes himsell.
Be what it likes, says Colin, lassie tell.
Then Bydby says, so was the maiden's name,
My very heart is lowan in a flame,
For Lindy there, and maun lie down and dee,
Except I get him; that's what troubles me;
I smor'd the flame, and thought to keep it in,
But aye the more I smor'd it spread within;
Till now, ye see't has blaz'd out at my mou',
Ye ken my trouble, Lindy, pity now.
Well fall ye fare, as lang as ye bide here,
Ev'n tho' your biding were for day and year;

And gin ye thought that letting you awa'
Wad be a favour, I on means wad fa'
To lat you out, upon the dead of night,
Can ye wad be well aff, ere day was light.
But upon this perconnon I agree,
To lat you gae, that Lindy marry me;
And tak me hence, till we get time and place
To get a priest to gee's the holy grace.

Now ye maun ken, when they came frae the hay,
They ilka night were under lock and key;
And ilka morning by the creack o' day,
They're set to wark, and snaply ca'd away.
Well Bydby, Colin says, ye's ken as soon
As you to morrow come to us at noon.

When she's awa' to Lindy Colin says,
What think ye, maun, will yon frank lassie please?
Will ye our freedom purchase at this price,
Twill soon be done, for Bydby is nae nice;
Ye'll ken by this, that the auld proverb's true,
"Breeksmaun comespeed, when petticoats will woo."

Sair are we nidder'd, that is what ye ken,
And but for her, we had been bare the ben;
And gin we baulk her, 'stead of being kind,
What we already hae o' her we'll tyne;
And getting aff ye see is yont our power,
We're never out of sight for half an hour.

But some chield ay upon us keeps an ee,
And fae we need na lippen to get free.

I wonder, Colin, to hear you say fae,
Kenning my mind anither gate to gae.

Says Lindy syne: and what wad Nory say,
Gin she be living? as I wish she may;

Wad she no think herfell but ill paid hame,
And ready be of falsehood me to blame?

Says Colin, Man, gin that be a' your dreed,
Ye need na halt, for Nory's surely dead:

She's got, I fear, what marriage she will get,
That's wi' the mould, sae that needs be nae let.
But of the proffer I fall pass my skill,
Tho' it be wrang to lear fouk to do ill :
Seem ye content to hald her to her bode,
We'll mak a shift to tyne her by the road ;
And sae get aff ; 'tis hamper'd living here,
Slip we this knot we may mis's't for a year.
Sae when she comes the morn blink in her eye,
And wi' some frankness her your answer gee.
Well Lindy says, I'll try to do my best.
We'll well begin, and leave good luck the rest.
Bydby neist day, whan noon comes on, appears,
And Lindy, what he could, his courage cheers ;
Look'd braw and canty, when she came in by,
And says, Twice welcome, Bydby, here the day.
At this the lassie's courage got a heeze,
And thinks her wifs is now come to the creeze.
Gin she came well provided ay afore,
This day she fuish the best of cheer gilore.
Sae they sat down a' frankly to their meat,
And Lindy 'treated Bydby fair to eat ;
And blyth was she, and frankly took a share,
And thought she saw the yont end of her care.
Whan they had eaten, and were straitly pang'd,
To hear her answer Bydby greatly lang'd,
And Lindy did na keep her lang in pain,
But says, I'm of your proffer wondrous fain,
Gie us our leash the night, and ye fall be,
My dauted lass, and gang alang wi' me.
Well fell my heart, says Bydby, Lindy now,
Well waird I think what I hae geen to you :
I'll keep my word this night, and ye fall see
Ere the first cock that I fall set you free.
When she yeed hame, she spent the afterneen,
Buckling and making ready for the green ;

Bannocks and kebbocks knit up in a claith,
She had wiled by, and row'd up in her waith :
This she ere even had tentily laid by,
And well happ'd up aneth a coll of hay.
When tired and weary they came hame at e'en,
They're clapped up into their hole bedeen ;
The key brought in, sent ben, and closely laid
Aneth the bouster of her brither's bed ;
And Bydby now is all upon the catch,
Sleeps not a wink, but tentily does watch.
Bout the bell hour of midnight does she slip,
Out of her bed, just frae her mither's hip ;
Gaes ben, and calmly steals awa' the key,
Frae 'neath her brither's bouster, where it lay :
Opens the portal door wi' little din,
And what she may out to the lads gan rin ;
Says, Are ye sleeping ? rise and win awa',
'Tis time, and just the time for you to draw :
For now the lads are sleeping horn hard,
The door upon the dogs securely barr'd.
Ichie nor ochie now ye winna hear,
The best time in the warld for you to steer.
Colin and Lindy now are cut and dry :
What legs cou'd lift their wish'd escape to try :
Sae out they came, the night was calm and clear,
And Bydby had her baggage lying near ;
Together a' they nimbly tak the gate,
And scour'd the forest at an awfu' rate.
But whan they were about twa miles awa',
Lindy began with care his head to claw.
Stands still and says, waes me, I hae forgot,
With haste of coming aff, to fetch my coat.
What fall I do, it was almaist brann new,
'Tis but a hellier since't came aff the clew ;

O Bydby, lassie, and yese be my bride;
 Rin back about it, here about we'll bide,
 Till ye come back; your birn you may lay down,
 For rinning ye will be the better boun.
 Poor Bydby trows him, and rins back again,
 Then says the lads, I think the day's our ain:
 They turse the baggage and awa they scour,
 Out o'er the yonder brae wi' a' their power.
 Poor Bydby was na lang ere she ran back,
 Mounts up the coat ere ye a nut wad crack:
 And to the road again with a' her pith,
 And souple was she ilka limb and lith:
 Back in a clap, she's at th' appointed place,
 Frae which to fetch the coat she took the race.
 Looks round about her, but she naething sees,
 And back and fore she seeks among the trees:
 But na, it winna do, nae bodie's there,
 She cries; nae answer; then begins her care.
 O Lindy, Lindy! hast thou left me fae?
 Dear is this coat of thine to me the-day.
 What shall come of me? hame I dare na gang,
 The herds and gueeds will be a-field ere lang,
 We're a' amissing, I'll get a' the wyte,
 And nane but me alane to dree the flyte.
 Hame? no; what gueed to me at hame cou'd be,
 Whan my dear Lindy is awa' frae me?
 But may be, they hae gane ayont the brae,
 To hae't ahind them ere the brak of day:
 I'll on and see, gin thereabout they ly,
 They'll either see or hear me when I cry:
 For Lindy looked not like ane to cheat,
 Or ony las ungratefully to treat.
 Then up the brae wi' a' her might she hies,
 And fan she past it, mony a Lindy cries:
 But by your favour, there's no Lindy there,
 There's nane to answer, and as few to hear.

Now by this time, the sun begins to leam,
and lit the hill heads with his morning beam;
and birds, and beasts, and fouk to be a-steer,
and clouds of reek frae lumb-heads to appear.
Then she had cry'd and grat, and cry'd again,
and fand that a' her crying was in vain;
she e'en lay down aneth her load of care,
and wiff'd that she were dead, and dead just there.
A mournful ditty till herself she sung,
her slaughts roove out her hair, her hands she wrung:
yet wi' the weary coat she wad na part,
because it gae some gladdening till her heart.
What fall I do? gang hame again? na, na,
that were my hogs to a blate fair to ca'.
I'm out I am, I'll never turn again,
though till I die I gang, and gang in vain.
Northward frae this I aften heard them say,
that their ain country, Flaviana, lay.
That gate I'll hald, gin I the airths can keep,
and fan I canna gang, I'll try to creep;
maybe I upon the gate may fa',
and frae my birn of sorrow win awa'.
But she had naething nature to sustain,
The lads had with them aff the baggage ta'en.
For a' the wealth that she had left at hame,
Of cheese and bannocks, butter, milk and ream.
That day she was as fremmit till it a',
As the wild Scot that wins in Gallowa.
But dool yet had na latten her feel her want,
Or think of the misluck of being scant;
Although her weam was toom, and she grown yap,
Love mixt with care helpt to fill up the gap.
As she was souple like a very eel,
O'er hill and dale with fury she did dreel,
To her a' roads were good and bad alike,

Nane o't she wyl'd, but forwards on did streek.
But as she kent no, she mistook the cast,
And mair and mair fell frae the road they past.
O'er mony heights and hows she scour'd ere noon,
And could have thol'd the chance of a disjune.
But naething had her cravings to supplie,
Except the berries of the hawthorn tree,
And slaes and nuts that in the thickets grew;
Of these indeed she could hae taen anew;
But someway on her they fuish on a change,
That gut and ga' she keeft with braking strange.
The fiercelings race her did so hetly cadge,
Her stammack cud na sic raw vittals swage;
Sick, sick she grows, as ever lay on strae,
And near gae up the ghost 'tweesh that and wae,
Down she maun lay, she was so fair opprest,
And try gin she wad better be of rest.
Gin she was toom afore, she's toomer now,
Her heart was like to loup out at her mou',
In care-bed lair for three lang hours she lay,
And by this time 'tis well o'er in the day;
Now piece and piece the sickness wears away,
But she's as dweble as a windle-strae.
Weak as she was, she takes the gate again,
And geed na far till she observes twa men,
To north and east of her a piece before;
As soon's she saw them she began to roar;
Crying, Byde still, and running what she dow;
The men her hear, and sat down on a know.
She was na lang till snaply she came too,
The men lookt up, and said, Lafs, what's ado?
Whan she them saw, she fand she was mistaen,
They speer'd fat she was seeking there her-lane?
Sae far frae towns, it cou'd na be for gueed,
That she was wand'ring there in sic a meed.

'Tis for nae ill, she says, that I am here,
Nor errandless, though ye be free to speer.
Twa men I seek, and thought ye had been they,
Twa men ye've got, say they, then come away.
Na, na, she says, I'm nae of men so scant,
And though I'm seeking, ye're no wha I want.
But tell me gin ye saw twa men the day,
The ane with yellow hair, the other gray.
All wad, say they, the yellow hair'd's your jo;
'Tis may be so, she says, and may be no.
Is that his coat ye carry on your back?
'Tis e'en the same, and been a heavy wrack.
He maun be little worth, that left you sae.
He may be is, young man, and may be nae.
Ye're unco shorth, my las, to be so lang,
But we maun ken you better ere ye gang.
I think it best, ye gie that coat to me.
I think not sae, and so we disagree.
It is na yours, and fat wad ye do wi't?
As little can you think, that I wad gee't.
'Twas never made for me, ye may well ken,
And fouk are free to gee but what's their ain.
Ye may be stown't awa' frae side some lad,
That's fa'n asleep at wauking of the fau'd.
'Tis nae sic thing, and ye're but scant of grace,
To tell sic baddords to a bodie's face.
Aw, bonny las, says he, ye'll gee's a kifs,
And I fall set ye right on, hit or mis.
A hit or mis I'll get, but help of you,
Kifs ye sklate-stanes, they winna weet your mou'.
And aff-she gaes; the fallow loot a rin,
As gin he ween'd with speed to tak her in;
But as luck was, a knibblach took his tae,
And o'er fa's he, and tumbled down the brae.
His neiper leugh, and said it was well waird,

Let never jamphers yet be better faird.
Sae she escapes by favour of her heels,
And made nae stop for scrabs, or stanes, or peels.
Twa mile she ran afore she bridle drew,
And syne she lean'd her down upon a brow;
Sair out of braith, and almaist tint for faut,
And spies beneath a bufs of——what-ye-ca't?
Ay, Etnagh berries, and yeed down the brae,
And there she gets them black as ony slae.
On them she penny'd well, and starker grew,
And gather'd strength her journey to pursue.
But by this time, the night begins to fa',
And she frae ony beeld was far awa',
Except stane-fides, and they had little lythe,
Yet of the same she for the time is blythe.
But a' thing now grew black and eery like,
And she nae living had to her to speak.
And tho' she was right bardach on day light,
She was as fly'd as ony hare at night.
The earnbleater, or the muirful's crow,
Was like to melt her very heart awa'.
Yet boot she hadna but that pain to dree,
And never a wink that night came in her eye.
I canna tell the case that she was in;
But when the lavrock does her sang begin,
Blyth at her heart she was, and turst her coat
Upon her back, and to the gate she got;
Ay hadding eastlins, as the ground did fa',
And frae the heights ay strove to keep awa',
But yet nae country in her sight appears,
But dens and burns, and braes and langsome moors.
This way she travels ere the noon of day,
And now her heart is like to melt away
Wi' heat and mifer, and at last, thinks she,
This gate she could na lang in midlert be.

She sits her down, and thinks her turff was there,
And never thought to see kent face nae mair.
As till herfell she's making a' her main,
And eeking up with care her dreary pain,
Sleep crap upon her sick and weary heart;
That of her sorrow steal'd away a part.
But sloughtrous dreams strove what they could to spill
The blifs that sleep was making to her ill.
She thinks she's chac'd for latting gae the men,
And taking butt the key that lay the-ben;
Wi' mony a threat to thrash her back and side,
Gin they came till her, if she wad na bide;
And up she starts, and glowr'd a' round about,
And gin't was true or no begins to doubt;
And with what pith she had, she tries to gang,
For fear that she should be o'ertane ere lang.
But little speed she came, and yet the sweat
Was drapping frae her at an unco rate,
Showding frae side to side, and lewdring on,
With Lindy's coat syde hanging on her drone.
In this poor pickle, whan help wad hae been
The blythest fight that ever yet was seen,
What spies she coming, but a naked man,
Feaming like ony bear that ever ran?
And high aboon him, vap'ring in his hand,
And glenting with the sun, a bloody brand.
Roaring and swearing like a rais'd dragoon,
That he fud see the heart's blood o' the lown.
What in the earth to do she cud na tell,
For fear quite master'd her, and down she fell.
The man that ramping was and raving mad,
Came fiercelins up, and crying ay, had! had!
And in his fury, and with reeling eyn,
The ane he wanted thinks that she had been.
Th' unchancy coat, that boonmost on her lay,
Made him believe that it was really fae.

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Get up, wild murd'rer dog! he says, till I
 A port mak through your breast for life to fly.
 O spare! O spare! says Bydby, had your hand,
 I'm but a woman, and can hardly stand.
 Soon by her voice he kend that she spak true,
 And says, Rise, fear not, I'm not seeking you.
 But saw ye, tell me, saw ye in this glen
 Skulking by ony bield, twa wretched men?
 My sakeless brither they hae ta'en and slain,
 For naething, but for seeking o' his ain.
 Tell shortly, and ye's get nae harm frae me,
 Nor mair be putten till, whate'er ye be.
 Yes, yes, twa men I saw ayont yon brae,
 She trembling said, I wiss them muckle wae;
 Sad was the chase that they hae geen to me,
 My heart's near out of hool, by getting free;
 Twa mile frae this, I left them on a know,
 And far beneath it lies a dreary how,
 Through whilk I ran, till I'm near at my last,
 Gueed be your speed, and dowie be their cast.
 With furious haste he soon skipt o'er the hight,
 She never jeed till he was out o' sight.
 Fat chance he further had, she cud na tell,
 But was right fain, that she wan aff herself.
 When she a mile or twa had further gane,
 She's unco eery to be fae her lane,
 Ay mair and mair she frae the hills hads down,
 Wissing that she might hit upon some town;
 But she's as weak as very water grown,
 And tarrows at the browst that she had brown;
 And halins wiffes she had never seen
 The bonny lad she lov'd, atween the cyn;
 For now all hopes of seeing him are fled,
 And she with seeking him is almost dead.
 And will and willfom was she, and her breast
 With wae was bowden, and just like to birst.

Nae fust'nance got, that of meal's corn grew,
But only at the cauld hills berries gnaw.
But frae that food nae pith came till her banes,
And she was fu' and hungry baith at anes.
Now she began to think within herself,
Upon a tale she heard a wierd-wife tell,
That through the country telling fortunes yeed,
And at babes and placks came wondrous speed;
When she her loof had looked back and fore,
And drawn her finger langlins ilka score,
Up in her face looks the auld hag forfairn,
And says, Ye will hard-fortun'd be, my bairn:
Frae fouks a fieldward, nae frae fouk at hame,
Will come the antercast ye'll hae to blame;
Gin ye be wise, beware of unco men,
I dread for them ye'll anes be bear the-ben;
Sae come ye speed, or miss ye of your mark,
Ae thing I'm sure, ye'll hae right dowie wark.
Then Bydby says, Had I but been sae wise,
As have laid up auld minny's guded advice,
Frae this mishap I might have kept me free;
But wha can frae what's laid afore them flee?

Thus making at her main, and lewdring on,
Thro' scrubs and craigs, with mony a heavy groan;
With bleeding legs, and fair massackerd shoon,
With Lindy's coat aye feltring her aboon;
Till on a high brae head she lands at last,
That down to a how burnie pathlins past.
Clear was the burnie, and the bushes green,
But rough and steep the brae that lay between;
Her burning drowth inclin'd her to be there,
But want of maughts and distance eek'd her care.
Now by this time the evening's falling down,
Hill-heads were red, and hows were eery grown.
Yet with what pith she had, she taks the gate,
And wan the burn, but its now growing late.

The birds about were making merry cheer,
She thinks their music sang, Ye're welcome here.
With the cauld stream she quench'd her low and drouth,
Syne of the Etnagh-berries ate a fourth,
That black and ripe upon the bushes grew,
And were new water'd with the evening dew.
Then sat she down aneth a birken shade,
That spread aboon her, and hang o'er her head,
Cowthy and warm, and gowany the green,
Had it, instead of night, the day time been.
But grim and gousty, and pit mark with fright,
All things appear'd upon the dead of night.
For fear she cower'd like maukin in the seat,
And dunt for dunt, her heart began to beat.
Amidst this horror, sleep began to steal,
And for a wee her flightring breast to heal,
As she half sleeping and half waking lay,
An unco din she hears of fouk and play.
The fough they made gar'd her lift up her eyn,
And O the gathering that was on the green!
Of little foukies, clad in green and blue,
Kneefers and trigger never trod the dew;
In mony a reel they scamper'd here and there,
Whiles on the yerd, and whiles up in the air,
The pipers play'd like ony touting horn,
Sic fight she never saw since she was born.
As she's behading all this mirthful glee,
Or e'er she wist they're dancing in the tree
Aboon her head, as nimble as the bees,
That swarm in search of honey round the trees.
Fear's like to fell her, reed that they sud fa'
And smore her dead, afore she wan awa';
Syne in a clap, as thick's the motty fin,
They hamphis'd her with unco fike and din.
Some cry'd, Tak ye the head, Ise tak a foot,
We'll lear her upon this tree-head to fit,

And spy about her. Others said, Out fy,
Let be, she'll keep the King of Elfin's ky.
Another said, O gin she had but milk;
Then sud she gae frae head to foot in filk;
With castings rare and a gueed nourice-fee,
To nurse the King of Elfin's heir Fizzee.
Syne ere she wist, like house aboon her head,
Great candles burning, and braw table spread;
Braw dishes reeking, and just at her hand,
Trig green coats fairing, a' upon command.
To cut they fa', and she among the leave,
The sight was bonny, and her mou' did crave.
The mair she ate, the mair her hunger grew,
Eat fat she like, and she coud ne'er be fu';
The knible Elves about her ate ding dang,
Syne to the play they up, and danc'd and flang;
Drink in braw cups was cawd about gelore,
Some fell asleep, and loud began to snore.
Syne in a clap, the Fairies a' sat down,
And fell to crack about the table round.
Ane at another speer'd, Fat tricks played ye,
When in a riddle ye sail'd o'er the sea?
Quoth it, I steal'd the King of Sweden's knife,
Just at his dinner, sitting by his wife,
Whan frae his hand he newlins laid it down;
He blam'd the steward, said he had been the lown.
The fakeless man deny'd, syne yeed to look,
And lifting of the table-claith the nook,
I gae't a tit, and tumbl'd o'er the bree,
Tam got the wyte, and I gae the tehee;
I think I never saw a better sport,
But dool felld Tam, for sadly he paid for't.
But quoth another, I play'd a better prank,
I gar'd a witch fa' headlins in a stank,
As she was riding on a windle strae,
The carling gloss'd, and cry'd out will awae.

Another said, I couped Mungo's ale,
 Clean heels o'er head, fan it was ripe and stale,
 Just whan the tapster the first chapin drew;
 Then bad her lick the pale, and aff I flew;
 Had ye but seen how blate the lassie looked,
 Whan she was blam'd, how she the drink miscooked
 Says a gnib elf, As an auld carl was sitting
 Among his bags, and loosing ilka knitting,
 To air his rousty coin, I loot a claught,
 And took a hundred dollars at a fraught.
 Whan with the sight the carle had pleas'd himsell,
 Then he began the glancing heap to tell.
 As soon's he mis'd it, he rampaged red wood,
 And lap and danc'd, and was in unco mood;
 Ran out and in, and up and down; at last
 His reeling een upon a raip he cast,
 Knit till a bauk, that had hung up a cow:
 He takes the hint, and there hings he I trow.

As she's behading ilka thing that past,
 With a loud crack the house fell down at last;
 The reemish put a knell unto her heart,
 And frae her dream she waken'd with a start;
 She thought she could na 'scape of being smor'd,
 And at the fancy loudly cry'd and roar'd.
 Syne frae the tree she lifted up her head,
 And fand for a' the din she was na dead;
 But sitting body-like, as she sat down,
 But ony alteration, on the ground.

The sky's now casten, and wi' thrapples clear
 The birds about were making merry cheer;
 And now the sun to the hill-heads 'gan speal,
 Spreading on trees and plants a growthy heal;
 Poor Bydby's wond'ring at ilk thing she saw,
 But wi' a hungry cut-pock for it a';
 And fairly'd now, gin it a dream had been,
 She thought she saw fae vively with her een;

And frae the ill o't fain'd her o'er and o'er,
And round about with mazerment 'gan glowr.
Syne o'er her thrawart luck began to mourn,
And with deep sighs she looked down the burn.
Then takes the road, weak as a windle-strae,
That with the wind e'er wagged on a brae;
For very want her legs began to plait,
As down the bonny burn she held the gate.
Sweet were the notes that swell'd along the grove,
Where birds amid the shade declar'd their love,
And might have fawn content in ony breast,
With grief like her's that had na been oppress'd,
But naething could her soupit spirits cheer,
As lang's she gat nae trial of her dear.
However, on she gaes, as she was boun,
And mony times to rest her limbs lay down;
Nae sustenance gat she all the live lang day,
Save now and then a berry in the way.
But this gueed hap throughout the day she had,
She met with naething to make her afraid.
At last and lang, as night began to fa',
Near to some dwelling she began to draw;
That was a' burrach'd round about with trees,
'Tweesh which the reek frae high lumb heads she sees,
That gate she holds, and as she weer inby,
She does a lafs among the trees espy.
To her she hies, and hailst her with a jouk,
The lafs paid hame her compliment, and buick;
Heigh hey! she says, as soon as she came near,
There's been a langsome day to me, my dear.
Faint, faint, alas! with faut and mister gane,
And in a peril just to die my-lane.

Wae's me, the other says, that's dowie fate,
'Tfall nae be lang ere ye some sustenance get;
Sit still and rest you here aneth this tree,
And in a clap Ise back with something be.

And wha was this, think ye, fae kindly spake,
 But Nory taking at her evening walk,
 Among the trees, and making heavy main,
 Thinking she ne'er wad Lindy see again.
 'Twas here she stay'd, and here she was ta'en in,
 And better guided, than with all her kin.
 And as she promis'd, back she came in haste,
 And ye may trow't, her pouches were not waste
 Sae cuts of flesh, and lumps of bread and cheese,
 To Bydby on the point of starving gees;
 Wha with good will pang'd up her hungry maw,
 Syne frae a strype drank up what she could draw
 Then to her Nory says, What's been your fate,
 That ye are fallen in sic a staggering state;
 What means that coat ye carry on your back?
 It cudna mis to be your heavy wrack.
 Ye maun I ween unto the kairds belang,
 Seeking perhaps to do somebody wrang,
 And meet your crew upon the dead of night,
 And brak some house or gie the fouk a fright,
 I was o'er busy geeing you relief,
 Whan may be ye are but at best a thief.

Hegh hey, quo' Bydby, this is unco hard,
 That whan fouk travel, they are ca'd a kaird;
 I watna, las, gin ye wad tak it well,
 Gin fouk with you in sic a shape wad deal;
 But fouk that travel, mony a bob maun bide,
 And fae with me it happens at this tide.

Forgive me, las, says Nory, it may be,
 That I am wrang, but fouk to gues are free.
 But what's the matter, gin ye like to tell,
 That ye are wandering fae alane yoursell?

Syne that ye spear, Ife lat you shortly ken,
 I'm seeking after twa unthankfu' men;
 Forgive me, gin I wrang them. What, hae they
 Says Nory, frae yoursell ta'en ought away,

That ye sae weary after them pursue?
Seeking amends they may do hurt to you.
Nae fear of that, quo' she, gin we were met,
But I soon right of all my wrangs wad get.
To seek them, quo' she, ken ye whare to gang,
Or to what country thir twa men belang?
Well ken I that, says Bydby, I can tell,
That they do baith in Flavirna dwell.
Flaviana! quo' she, dwell ye there?
That of their dwelling ye're so very clair?
That do I not, nor ken I where it lies,
Bydby to her with a sad sigh, replies,
Had I done that, I might be there ere now,
We spent mair time nor wad hae gane't, I trow.
Ken ye their names, in case ye gat the place?
Well that, she says, I ken them, name and face.
Ken them sae, that I could hae nae doubt,
But of a thousand men to wale them out.
How did they ca' them then? says Nory, I
Might may be help you to find out the way.
Colin and Lindy, Bydby says, they're ca'd,
The ane an elderin man, the neist a lad,
A bonny lad as e'er my een did see,
And dear he is, and fall be unto me.
His yellow hair down o'er his shoulders hang,
Like tap of lint, as bonny and as lang.
Says Nory, Lafs, your errand is nae sma',
It seems that lad has stown your heart awa',
And ye are following on, wi' what's ahind,
And your mistake too late may ablins find.
Lads aftentimes poor lassies like to cheat,
And whan they follow, aft they tine the heat;
Gin ye tak my advice, ye've gane enough.
Think nae sae, she says, and hallins leugh.
Says Nory, gin ye lippen till him sae,

How through your fingers hae ye latten him gae?
 That is the question, bonny lass, indeed,
 Ye now have hit the nail upon the head.
 I better with less travel might have been,
 Had I been tenty as I sud have been;
 But fouks, they say, are wise ahind the hand,
 Whilk to be true unto my cost I fand;
 But had the case been yours, as it was mine,
 Ye might ha trow'd the raip wad keep the twine.
 But, maks-na matter, gin I had my men,
 I hae nae fear to gar it knit again;
 'Tis nae a' in hand that helps, and it may be
 That this may be the very case wi' me.
 What was the case, my lass, gin I might speer?
 That, quo' the other, ye right now shall hear;
 'Tis true the tale is no so very short,
 Nor yet mysell in sic condition for't.
 But gin ye like to ware the time, then ye
 How a' the matter stood, shall vively see;
 'Twill may be keep us baith frae thinking lang,
 And lse let you consider of the wrang.
 Content am I, she says, with a' my heart,
 'Twill ablins lear me how to play my part.
 For what's your horse this day, mak come to be
 My mare the morn; oblige me and be free.

Then Bydby says, Short syne unto our glen,
 Seeking an hership, came yon unco men.
 And our ain lads, although I say't mysell,
 But guided them right cankerdly and snell;
 Gar'd them work hard, and little sust'nance gae,
 That I was even at their guidship wae.
 And ye maun ken, that ilka day at noon,
 I was sent to them with their small disjune:
 And whan I saw their piece was but a gnep,
 Thought with mysell of mending their mishap,

Syne ilka day I steal'd to them an eek,
And row'd it up into my Sunday's keek.
I had na aft upon this errand gane,
Till I am with the love of Lindy ta'en;
What needs me heal't? na, na, it winna dee,
And gin I sud, I wadna now be free.
I held it in, as lang as well I cou'd,
And there's nae help, but I maun lat it out;
Nae 'oman, for to mak a lang tale short,
He grants to tak me, gin I wad work-for't;
And fat was that think ye, but lat them gae,
Upon the dead of night, their bondage frae?
Gin fae I did, that I sud gang alang,
And syne be marry'd with him in a bang.
Then Nory says, how comes it, 'oman, then,
Ye call sic couthy fouk unthankfu' men?
But byde ye yet, says Bydby, ye fall hear,
And fae ye'll see nae room sic things to speer.
I plays my part, and lats them win awa',
I mounts, and with them aff what we could ca',
Twa miles, ere we drew bridle, on we past,
Syne Lindy looks ahind him all agast,
And says, O Bydby, 'oman, I've forgot,
Into yon dreary hole, my Sunday's coat.
Now win my bennison, and rin again,
We'll byde you here beside this meikle stane.
For Lindy sure I mad mak ony shift,
And back again I scours, what legs cou'd lift;
Ere I came back, and well I wat short while
Was I a coming, I gets the beguile.
Nae thing I finds, seek for them what I list,
But a toom hale, and fae my mark I mist.
I shanna tell you, nor can I do yet,
How fad the set was, that my heart did get,
Now I may gang as soon, and drown mysell

As offer hamewith, after what befel :
 Sae on I gaes and thinks, and thinks it yet,
 They'd travell'd aff, lest they a chafe sud get,
 Rather than leave poor me to pine with care,
 That nae sic treatment at their hand did fair.
 Now by this time, the tears came rapping down,
 Upon her milk white breast aneth her gown,
 And Nory's heart was at the tale right fair,
 But her misease come frae another care ;
 Her heart for Lindy now began to beal,
 And she's in fwidder great to think him leal :
 But in her breast she smor'd the dowie care,
 Nor with the other did her sorrow share.
 But says, ye better for him speak I fear,
 Than what the cause, if fitted right, will bear.
 Well it may be, but I'll hope in the best,
 And fall be at my wits end or I rest.
 But O kind lass, gin ye hae ony gues,
 How I sud had, whan I gae out of this ;
 I'll be oblig'd to ye, mair nor I can say,
 Nor wad forget it to my dying day.
 Quo' Helenore, the get I dinna ken,
 But yet to help you, would be unco fain.
 And gin ye'd gee that bonny keek to me,
 I'd gang a day with you, and may be three.
 Well mat'ye be, she says, the keek ye's hae,
 Gin ye wad gang with me but ae bare day ;
 And gin we reach na our trysts end ere night,
 Or be na of that country in the fight ;
 Gin ye gae farer, I fall gee to you,
 This bran-new pouch, of fattin double blue.
 Then Nory says, Content ; but hear me this,
 Ae moment's time we hae nae need to miss ;
 Though ye be tir'd, ye'll need to rise and gang.
 In this short night the sky will cast ere lang ;

Gin I be mist, as doubtless but I will,
Ere we set aff, it a' the sport wad spill.
But I maun see what purchase I can make
Of cheese and bread, afore the road we take.
For to your cost I fear, by now ye ken,
What 'tis to tak the hill sae bare the-ben;
Sae sit ye still a wee, and I fall be
Back in the very twinkling of an ee.

Now Nory had twa irons in the fire,
And had to strike them baith a keen desire;
First to win hame, by favour of this lass,
As being fly'd her lane again to pass.
The neist, to try gin siccan news were true,
As she had heard frae Bydby, but right now.
Her word she keeps, and back with speed she flies,
With baith her pouches pang'd with bread and cheese.
Now, lass, she says, we just maun tak the gate,
And try the hills, though it be dark and late;
Tho' it be sae, it better is for me,
What gate we hadd the less our fouks'll see;
For they now trust I to my bed am gane,
And gin they miss me, they'll get up ilk ane.

Well mat ye be, an lat you never ken
To your experience, what I dree for men;
But gin your strait to me sud e'er be kend,
Ye may be sure to count upon a friend;
For fouk'll say, they ken na what they'll need,
And ye the will maun now tak for the deed.
I mak na' doubt, says Nory, but we maun
Mak of our journey now the best we can.
With lightsome hearts now up the burn they hey,
And were well on the road by brak of day.

Now by this time poor Nory's mist at hame,
And for her absence ilk ane does ither blame.
The aunt frae Bess is like to pu' the heart,
Because she didna better play her part;

And Bessy's heart is even like to brack,
And for her does great dool and sorrow mak,
They wistna whom to send upon the chase,
Or how to look the squire into the face,
That wad na be, they kent, to hadd nor bind
Whan he came back, and her awa' sud find.
And as soon as the day was up and clear,
Baith aunt and dother fought her far and near;
But a' was washing of the blackamore,
They boot turn hame, and even gee it o'er.

The lasses now are linking what they dow,
And faik'd never a foot for height nor how,
Whan day was up, and bounds seen round about,
Nory began to ken her former rout.
But loot na on, but fairly'd full as fast,
As Bydby could, at a' thing as they past;
Scream'd at ilk' cleugh, and skreech'd at ilka how,
As loud as she had seen the wirrie cow.
But Lindy's story held her heart a-steer,
And aye at ilka fae lang, she wad speer,
And say you, had your wooer yellow hair?
Was he well-legged, cherry cheek'd and fair?
To Flaviana did the the lad belang,
That ye allegde has wrought you a' the wrang?
Was he in earnest, think ye, whan he spak?
And for that weary coat bade you gae back?
Was Colin, say you, the auld shepherd's name?
Had he of what's befallen you ony blame?
Heard ye nae word, gin he had cheil or chare?
Or he a jo that had the yellow hair;
To a' sic questions Bydby made a shift
To answer, never dreaming Nory's drift.
'Tis now about th' eleventh hour of the day,
And they are posting on whate'er they may:
Baith het and meeth, till they are haling down,
The sun he dips, and clouds grow thick aroud:

All in a clap, the fire-flaught blinds their een,
The thunder rattles at an unko tune,
Hurl upon hurl, and just aboon their head,
They on their faces fell as they were dead,
And just with this the bowden clouds they bark,
And pour as out of buckets on their back.
Now they conclude, that here their turf maun be,
And lay stane still, not moving ee nor bree:
And for misluck, they just were on the height,
Ay thinking whan the bowt on them wad light.
For twa lang hours in this sad plight they lay,
At last the sun shoots out a couthy ray;
Sae piece and piece they peep out as they dow,
And see main ocean down into the how.
Fan up they stood, nothing but burns they spy'd,
Tumbling and roaring down on ilka side;
Wi' sic a fearsome hurl, and reefu' rair,
The neist thing to the thunder in the air.
What can they dow? downwith they dare na budge,
Their safest course seems in the height to lodge.
At last and lang the burns began to fa',
And down the hill they scour what they can ca'.
Sometimes they wade, sometimes the burns they lap,
And sometimes through on feet and hands they crap;
And by this time they reach'd anither height,
The sun falls down, and now 'tis hard on night.
And naething yet but hills and moors in view,
Nor mark nor maith that ever Nory knew.
And by this time poor Bydby wearies fair,
And her ain hands begins to wring for care.
But Nory keeps up better heart; and says,
We manna weary at thir rugged braes;
Tyne heart, tyne a', we'll even tak sic beeld,
As thir uncouthy heather hills can yeild;
The night looks well, the sky well set and clear,
Neist day ere night some country may appear.

We'll ripe the pouch, and see what scaff is there;
 I wat, whan I came out, it was na bare.
 Sae down they sat, by favour of a stane,
 That o'er their heads right couthily did lean.
 Unto their supper now they yaply fa',
 But Bydby's dridder was na quite awa':
 Within her lugs the thunder's roar yet knells,
 As well's the burns that rumbled wi' sic yells,
 She says to Nory, O yon dreadful crack,
 I hailumlie thought wad hae been our wrack:
 Fly'd at my heart, says she, am I, least we
 Sud the neist day in sic sad pickle be.

Says Nory, na, yon summer sob is out,
 This night bodes well, spy 'oman round about,
 The morn will better prove, I hope, and we
 Ere night may chance some inwith place to see.
 And yet her tongue was fault'ring whan she spak,
 And with plain fear her breast was like to brak.
 But still and on, she wad ha forward been,
 To ken the verity, she wes sae keen.
 Syne piece and piece together down they creep,
 And crack till baith dow'd o'er at last asleep.
 Their day-time toil had wrought them sic a wrack
 That ere they jee'd the sun beat on their back.
 Fain were they baith of the sweet light of day,
 And that the night had steal'd so fast away.
 They rub their een, and spy them round about,
 Thinking what gate the day to hadd their rout;
 No meiths they had, but northlins still to gae,
 Kenning that gate that Flaviana lay.

Now frae the hight, where they had tean their bield,
 Far in a how they spy a little sheald;
 Some peep of reek out at the naip appears:
 What's yon? at Nory Bydby snaply speers.
 Then Nory says, I see a house it lane,
 But far nor near of house mair spy I nane.

What can they be, that win fae by themsell,
In this wide wilderness, I canna tell.
Be what they like, I think we'll gang and speer,
Says Bydby, gin we our tryst's end be near.
I wat na, Nory says, they're may be men;
Nae woman sure can win in sic a glen;
And may be Kettrin. I have heard fouk say,
That they aft wake all night, and sleep all day.
Tak in fouk's nolt and sheep, and eat them there:
That they be such, is borne upon me fair.
Na, Bydby says, I dinna think it fae,
I see a bught beyond it on a brae.
Somebody here is shealing with their store,
In summer time, I've heard the like afore.
We'll cast about, and come upon the bught,
Content, says Nory, it is nae ill thought;
I think I see't mysell, we'll wear in by,
Gin we'll win there, it's time to milk the ky;
Sae down they fare, and rough, rough was the brae,
With craigs and scrabs all scatter'd in the way.
As they drew near they heard an elderin dy,
Singing full sweet at milking of her ky:
In by they came, and hailst her couthily. }
The wife looks up a little in surprise,
And leaning o'er the bught the maiden spies;
And takes hersell, and says, Ye're welcome here,
This day ye seem to be right soon asteer.
Quo' they, we hae gane wil', been out all night,
And spy'd this sheal, and came to be set right;
Be but so kind as tell us where we be,
Ye's hae our thanks, it's all that we can gee.
Quo' she, unto the sheal step ye o'er by,
And warm yoursell, till I milk out my ky;
This morning raw, gin ye've all night been out,
That ye wad thole a warm I mak na doubt.

And something mair Ise warrant: ca' your wa',
The door's wide open, nae sneck ye hae to draw.
Put on a cow till I come o'er the gate,
And do the best ye can to had you het.
The lasses bidding does, and o'er they gaes,
And of bleech'd birns pat on a canty blaze.
Content were they, at sic a lucky kile,
And thought they had na gotten a beguile.
On shelves around the sheal the cogs were set,
Ready to ream, and for the cheese be het.
A hake was frae the rigging hanging fu'
Of quarter kebbocks, tightly made and new.
Behind the door a calour heather bed,
Flat on the floor with stanes and feal was made.
And Luckey shortly follow'd o'er the gate,
With twa milk buckets frothing o'er and het;
Syne ream'd her milk, and set it on the fire,
And bade them eek the blaze, and nae to tire;
That crouds their weamfu' they sud get in haste,
As good and fresh as ony needs to taste.
Sair looked she on Nory's bonny face,
And says, Young lass, I wifs you mickle grace;
Sweet are your looks, and of good nature fu',
He'll get nae blind, that chances to get you.
Well look ye baith, I did na mean to lack
The ane, whan I but of the other spak:
Nane of the warst ye look as ye were come,
But of the best of country fouk, and some.
Ye baith for me may ay man's bairns be,
And may be no, it maks nae thing to me.
What cast has fashen you sae far frae towns?
I'm sure to you thir canna be kenn'd bounds;
Ten miles frae ony town this shealing lies,
And to see here sic twa is my surprise.
And still the mair at sic a time of day:
'Twould seem indeed that ye had tint your way.

ays Nory till her, is the fairly great,
Here, ane fae early too, sic twa to get?
As great's our fairly to see you dwell here,
Ae far frae towns, or ony neiper near;
wonder just ye dinna die for fear.
But are the cows your ain, gin I may speer?
O never ane of them belongs to me,
They are the laird's, well may his honour be;
My ain gueed chield that sucked me full sweet,
And's ay kind to me, when we chance to meet,
These twenty simmers now I hae been here,
And he ay came to see me ilka year,
Save this alane, but well I ken the cause,
The faut's nae his, but his heart-bound papa's.
But thanks to praise, I hear the carle's dead,
My bairn will now get leave to lift his head;
And of a warldly hulgy-back get free,
That dad design'd his wedded wife to be.
Now he will get his choice whom he likes best,
Since the auld churle has taen him till a rest.
Afore lang days, I hope to see him here,
About his milknefs and his cows to speer.

Now Nory hearing this, began to guesf,
This was the squire that took her frae distrefs;
And at her speers, how they his stile did ca',
The wife replies, His stile is Bonnyha';
And bonny is't, and wealthy, wealthy he,
Well will she fa' that wins his wife to be.
Now Nory kens she in her guesf was right,
But lat na wi't, that she had seen the Knight,
But at her speers, how far frae this away,
She thought the braes of Flaviana lay?
Nae near, my cheel, she says, but ye are wrang,
To Flaviana gin ye mean to gang.
O'er high by far ye've ta'en up through the glen,
Of miles frae it ye are na down of ten;

Gang east, but ay some northward had your cast,
Till ye a bonny water see at last.

With thir injunctions they their course pursue,
And gee auld lucky thanks, as was her due.
Right chearfully they did the road take in,
And thought that night to their tryft's end to win,
And would ha done't, but Nory, wha had aye
A mind the truth of Bydby's tale to try,
Made shift by bout-gates to put aff the day,
Till night sud fa', and then be forc'd to stay.
Meaning neist day to send the lafs before,
When they sud be in sight of Lindy's door,
Syne follow fast hersell, and just slip in
Upon them, ere they wist, but ony din.
Accordingly, ere they the water wan,
That the auld dy tauld near the country ran,
Night falls, and they maun tak the chance of beild,
Anes mair, that glens, and hills and heather yield.
Their forward minds that night took little sleep.
Again they trust as soon's the day did peep.
In a short space they soon the water fand.
Says Bydby, Flaviana's now at hand,
Well fell me now, my lad I'll shortly see,
And at the sight blythe at the heart I'll be.

As they the water past, and up the brae,
Where Nory mony a time had wont to play,
Her heart with neaty grief began to rise,
Whan she so greatly alter'd saw the guise.
No herds nor gueeds were now to be seen there,
But all was toom, all heartless like, and bare.
Her dowie pain she could no more conceal;
The heart, they'll say, will never lie that's leal.
For whan they wan the height, and in the how,
Spy'd out the bigging by a bonny know;
She says, my heart is like to gang awa',
And I maun e'en sit down, or else I'll fa;

But yonder 'oman, houfes, gang and speer,
Gin we be unto Flaviana near.

Gin we be right, I'll ken, as ye bide still;
Gin we be wrang, ye'll come again and tell;
And I'll rest here, till I come to mysell.

Then Bydby frankly tak's the gate before,
And wisna lang ere she reach'd Lindy's door,
That by the cast of ground the nearest lay,
Just at the bottom of a sunny brae.

My lass slips in, says calmly, Peace be here!
Is this, or is't to Flaviana near?

Lindy was sitting in the house him lane,
With heart for Nory heavy like a stane;
Lifts up his head and looking to the door,
Sees Bydby standing just upon the floor.

Th' unwelcome sight pat to his heart a knell,
That he was hardly master of himsell;

Yet says, Come ben, ah Bydby, is that ye?
Foul fa' that coat, that you sic cark did gee.

Ye might ha flung't awa' and turn'd again,
Of half your tavel it's nae worth the pain;

But, mak'sna, since ye're come yese be well paid;
Sit down and rest you, and right now yese hae't.

The worth o't twice in claith or waith yese get,
I canna say but I am in your debt.

Ah, Lindy, is this ye? well fell mysell,

But waes me, that ye fud sic tidings tell;

Your claith and waith will never tell with me,

Tho' ye a thousand laids thereof could gee;

I'm o'er well fair'd of claith, since I took gate,

That coat of yours has geen me sic a set.

But out of jest, for claith I came na here,

But for the thing that was by far mair dear;

'Twas for yoursell, man, that I dreed this pain,

Sae ony ither proffers are bat vain;

Wad I, think ye, for less hae follow'd you?
Or can I think that less can be my due?
Was't na your paction ere I loot you gae,
That just yoursell I for my hire sud hae?
Alas! alas! o'er late it seems I find,
I first was left, and now I'm come behind.
But think na man, that I'll be set aff sae,
For I'll hae satisfaction ere I gae.
Ise get a hire! a bonny tale indeed!
Ye spak na that gate in your time of need.
Whare's Colin? Ise refer my part to him,
And gin he says I'm wrang, Ise quit my claim;
He witness'd all that past, and shar'd himsell
Part of the gueed, and can the better tell.
Well, I'm content, says Lindy, gin he say't;
There's be nae mair about it, ye shall hae't.
This spak he, lippening Colin wad deny,
And sae between them score poor Bydby by.
As they are at this dibberderry thrang,
And Bydby still complaining of her wrang,
Jean wha had seen her coming o'er the moor,
Supposing 't Nory, slips in at the door.
She never minds her, but tells on her tale,
Right bauld and bardoch, likely-like and hail.
Jean was astonish'd sic a threap to see,
And wistna whom to blame, or whom to free,
But thought indeed, gin sicken things were true,
That Nory had right fast slipt out of view.
Now by this time, poor Nory's mair nor fain,
The truth of Bydby's unco tale to ken.
And just at Lindy's door came slipping in,
When they are in the fixfax of their din.
Jean looks about her, and her Nory spies,
Judge ye, gin she met not with a surprise.
Out gush'd her een, but word she cudna say,
Sae hamphis'd was she atween glee and wae.

Her in her oxter hard and fast she grips,
And pres'd her speechless mou' upon her lips.
Lindy looks also butt, and Nory spies,
And O my Nory, hear's my Nory, cries.
Laught bred upon her, butt the house he sprang,
And frae her mither's oxter fiercelings wrang.
And O my Nory, O my Nory, cries,
Sweet, sweet indeed, to me is this surprise.
Kisses upon her he birs'd on anew,
But she was shy, and held her head askew;
And cries, Lat be, ye kifs but lucky fast,
Ye're o'er well us'd, I fear, since we met last.
Looks at him with the baw-waw of her eye,
As dram and dorty as young mifs wad be
To country Jock, that needs wad hae a kifs,
Nolens or volens, frae the dainty mifs.
Thir words a wée did flocken Lindy's fire,
And put some to let to his sae bauld desire.
Blythe at the heart was Bydby at the sight,
And thought indeed that she had fair'd him right.
But thought the sheep she'd geen the wolf to hadd,
Whan she had choice of sic a neiper made.
And turning till her, says, I find that now,
I play'd wrang cards, whan I set out with you.
I might ha kent, had I not senseless been,
That ye for noth wad not be hauf so keen.
But, maks na, be the matter as it may,
To stap your claim I have enough to say.
Whatever might atween you been before,
I'm sure that I was last into the score.
I have his hand, and truth, and what needs mair?
Cross't gin he can, just where he's standing there.
'Tis nae sic thing, says Lindy, or gin I
Some siclike words might happen then to say;
They've been but said to please a fool like you,

Nae man of ten likes women them to woo ;
 For our acquaintance was but lucky short,
 For me or ony man to play sic sport.

Why did you fae ? says Bydby, for ye had
 In your ain hand to hadd, both heft and blade ;
 Tho' I did wifs't indeed, and wifs't it fair,
 That ye were mine, ev'n ilka hilt and hair,
 I cudna force ye to gie your consent,
 But since ye gae't ye sudna now repent.
 Nor need ye mak a feint to tell me now,
 Ye never meant to stand by sic a vow,
 But only please a witlefs fool like me,
 But say, play bairns, your fool I winna be.
 'Twas earnest wark, lad, that I did for you,
 And you maun deal with me in earnest now.
 I've plaid my part, I fear, and something mair,
 Play you now yours, and be to me as fair.
 And I fall tell you ae thing, that's nae twa,
 Our lads and ye'll about it pluck a craw ;
 For forty groats I wadna stand your stour,
 Gin they this gate but tak anither tour ;
 And sure am I, that it will not be lang,
 Till they be here complaining of their wrang.

That Nory's come, the news is now ding dang,
 And all the neipers unto Lindy's thrang.
 Colin her father, who had outwith gane,
 But heard at last, and fae come in him lane.
 As he came in, him glegly Bydby spy'd,
 And, welcome, Colin, mair nor welcome, cry'd ;
 Come ben and red this threap, for ye can tell
 The verity, 'cause ye was there yoursell ;
 Ken all that past, ear and eye witness was,
 To all that did 'tweesh me and Lindy pass.
 Came Colin now, and give me kyle about,
 I helped you, whan nane else wad I doubt.

Something but justice I now crave of you,
To tak me, tell, gin Lindy didna vow.
Though I'm amang you cast like a flung stane,
Was like ither fouk at hame ye ken;
And gin ye had but plaid me hassins fair,
Needed na hae dree'd fae meikle care.
But, maksna, now I'm here: fae plainly tell,
The naked truth afore the lad himsell.
Syn Colin says, I do indeed confess,
The lent's a lift in our right great distrefs.
For cause of which I own it's gueed our part,
With our best wifs that ever ye be fair'd:
And ye fall find it fae afore we part.
And though 'tis true, and true it is I grant,
To marry you that Lindy made a vaunt;
Cause we were at a pinch to win awa':
But to the head the nail ye maunna ca':
To say that ye was geck'd yese hae nae need,
We'll gee a hitch unto your tocher gueed.
Well are ye worth it at our hands the day,
And ye fall get it with you ere you gae.
Na, Colin, na, 'tis well ye tell the truth,
At hame of tocher gueed I hae a fouth;
I was not for gear that I my fouks forfook,
And ran the hazard of their fair down-look.
So, by my troth it: Lindy's what I want,
My promise mine, as ye right now did grant.
Speak nae mair of your hires, 'tis he alane
Shall be my hire, for other I'll hae nane.
Aw, but says Colin, ye fudna gaird fae fair,
What winna fouk engage that's under care?
With premunire hamper'd as were we,
Fouk wad say ony thing to set them free.
Gin grite your premunire was, she said,
You fud the better mind how ye was freed.

But words I winna langer using be,
Nor will sic aff-sets do the turn with me;
For haleumly to tak me he did bind,
And hae'm I will; there's nae a word ahind.
But Colin says, what if he dinna like you?
Ye'd better want him than he sud begeck you.
'Tis all ane, seys she, him I like fu' fair,
And that he wad like me, I hae no fear;
Had of the bargain we made an outred,
We's no be heard upon the midden head.
That he's gueed natured ony ane may see,
That's nae stane blind, or has but hauf an eye.
Syne Colin says, but ye may be mistaen,
The face has been a cheat to mony ane,
Aft the fow still will eat up all the draff,
When canker'd looks prove not so ill by hauf;
Mony'll bite and sup with little din,
That wadna gree a straik at mooling in.
Sae gin the face be what ye lippen till,
Ye may hae little cause to roose your skill.
Maks na, quoth she, gin I my hazard tak,
Small sturt may other fouks about it mak.

By now all eyn upon them sadly gaz'd,
And Lindy looked blate and fair bumbaz'd,
The colly shangy raise to sic a height,
That maugre him things wadna now hald right,
For Nory's heart began to cool full fast,
Whan she fand things had taken sic a cast,
And fae throw ither warpl'd were, that she
Began to dread atweesh them what might be.
And even thought her travel but ill wair'd,
For her convoy, and but herfell ill fair'd,
And frae her heart she wisht she hadna been
In coming aff with Bydby hauf so keen.
For what she fear'd, she now in earnest fand,
About this threap, was close come till her hand,

And that tho' Lindy, may be, might ly too,
The las had just as gueed a right as she;
And that the bargin might hae little thrift,
To bring it on tho' they sud mak a shift,
But still her mind she keeped to hersell,
But O her heart fand mony a dreary knell;
But she was sure whan Lindy's eyn were set
The way to her, to look the ithergate.

Now by this time the house is heels o'er head,
For aething some, and some anither said;
That day nor door a body cudna hear,
For every thing was put in sic a steer.
And Colin and his wife were mair nor fain,
To crack with Nory, and her story ken.
With great hamstram they thrimled thro' the thrang,
And gae a nod to her to after gang.

Upon the green they lean'd them down all three,
And tears for fainness ran frae ilka ee.

Cassie, what was't came o'er ye, Colin says,
At sic a time o' night to tak the braes?

Mair nor fairly, what cud be your haste,
Ye cudna think to succour man or beast;
Sad's been the heart-crack ye to us hae gien,
And dowie for your sake my hap has been;
And dowie yet is like to be our day,
About this threap; yon cummer is na play.

Then Nory with her finger in her ee,
With heart as great's a peat, begins to free
Hersell to them the best way that she mought,
Saying yon dreary news set me a-flought;
And ere I took mysell, I had o'ergane,
All meiths or marks afore within my ken;
As mark as pick night down upon me fell,
What my condition was I canna tell.

My fae lat never be fae hard bestead,
Or forc'd to byde the bydings that I baid.

Sic youls and yells, as wad have thirled a stane,
Was never heard, as I heard there my lane.
Whan day came in, and welcome was the sight,
After the eery, black, and fearsome night;
Nae airths I kent, nor what was east by west,
But took the road as it lay in my cast.
Thus with a dowie heart and hungry wame,
I wanderd, wissing that I were at hame,
But wistna whether I made till't or frae't;
But for the herds and gueeds ill was I paid.
What ganks I met with, now I fanna tell,
But at the last upon a burn I fell,
Wi' bonny even road, and inwith set,
Ye might hae row'd an aple a' the gate,
Siclike I mind aft times to her you tell,
That fouk sud follow when they hae gane will;
This I'll had down, but het, het was the day,
The summer couts were dancing brae frae brae,
With faut and heat, I just was like to swelt,
And in a very blob of sweat to melt;
Nae help there was, but there lay down my head
Aneth a tree, and wait for welcome dead.
I had na lang aneth the shadow lain,
When sleep crap on me, and beguiled my pain.
Three hours as I by time of day could guesf,
At ease I lay, and had sweet happinefs;
But when I waken'd, to my great surprife,
Wha's standing but a laird before my eyes?
The bonniest youth that ever I had seen,
With yellow strips clad in a coat of green.
Upon a bow he lean'd his milk white hand,
A bonny boy a thoughty aff did stand.
Grite shame I thought sae to be gotten there,
And was for fear the neist thing to despair.
In rinning aff lay my relief I thought,
But of my claife he took a swippert claught,

made me nae fear, for I sud get no skaith,
to do me wrang, that he wad be right laith.
and spake fae kindly, couthy-like and fair,
and pray'd to tell what way I had come there;
that at mair faught my mind began to be,
and he some meat his laddie gart gee me.
Heist he persuades to gang with him all night,
There I sud be well ta'en about and right.
In night we came into a gentle place,
and as he promis'd fae I fand the case.
And was the lady, for nae men I saw,
and bedded me with her ain dother braw.
Well was I there, I wifs'd I'd bidden still,
had ye but kend, I hadna met with ill.
But ae night as I'm spying out-about,
With heart unsettled ay, ye need na doubt,
Wha coming gatewards to me do I see,
But this snell lass, that came the day with me.
Ae finding she for Flaviana fought,
There is a happy kyle for me, I thought.
Ae what needs mair? together aff we came,
and o'er high hills, and fearsome cloughs we clamb.
Ralph mean time from the door comes with a rin,
and pray'd that Jean and Nory wad gang in,
and try gin they yon fiery lasses could tame,
that with her tongue had set all in a flame:
and tries so hard yon heartless lad to gird,
that he looks just as he'd drap through the yerd.
Quo Jean, wese try, but she looks ill to ca',
and o'er auld-mou'd, I reed, is for us'a'.
As they gang in, Ralph unto Colin says,
on hobble shew is like some stour to raise;
What think ye o't? for, as we use to say,
The web seems now all to be made of wae.
Says Colin, for he was a ficker boy,
Weiper, I fear this is a kittle ploy;

Gin we the gully guide na now with can,
'T may chance to gee's a sneck into the hand;
Yon las maun not be dung, but dauted fair,
It winna do to kaim against the hair.
At first I thought but little of the thing,
But mischief's mother's but like midge's wing.
I never dream'd things wad hae gane this length,
But we have e'en seen shargers gather strength,
That seven years have sitten in the flet,
And yet have bangsters on their boddom set.
That sic'll be the case I now dread fair,
Sae we'll be fools to tamper with her mair.
But with herself had we alane to do,
We might find shifts for stapping of her mou',
And even that I doubt wad cost a pou'.
But we hae all her country's fead to byde,
O'er great a force by far for our weak side.
We all, but maist the lad himself and I,
Ken they're nae fouks for our weak hands to try.
She pleads a promise, and 'tis very true,
But he had naething but a jamphing view;
But she in gnapping earnest takes it a',
The bargain was, that she should lat's awa'.
She plaid her part, and freed us frae our care,
And now holds out that we sud be as fair.
Of her afore we try'd to shak us free,
But she has scented out the road, ye see.
Great waters aften rise frae little springs,
And there is e'en a providence in things.
By racklignce she with my lassie met,
That wad be fain her company to get;
Wha in her daffery had run o'er the score,
And that has even brought her to our door.
Gin we fyke on till her ain fouks come here,
Ye'll see the town intill a bonny steer;

For they're a thrawn and root-hewn cabrach pack,
And stark like stanes, and soon wad be our wrack.
Sae we had better jook until the jaw
Gang o'er our heads, than stand afore't and fa'.
And sae I think it best you bid the lad

Lay's hand to's heart, and to the bargain had ;
For I am much mistane, gin, at the last,
To gang together be not found the best.

Says Ralph, well, neiper, I hae heard your tale,
And even fairly at it ilka deal,

Kenning that ye're nae strange to what has been
Your lassie and my laddie lang between ;

And even we had 'greed it tween ourselfs
Sic counsel now but of unkindness smells.

Ye need na fairly, Ralph, nor be in ire,
Says Colin, for burnt bairns dread the fire ;

Had ye come thro' their fingers as did I,
Ye wadna be in swidder to comply ;

I'll wad my head, ere four and twenty hours,
That what's my mind the day, had then been yours.

For the Sevitians will but doubt be here,
To dacker for her, as for robbed gear ;

And what hae we a conter them to say ?
The gear'll prove it fell gin we deny.

They'll threap we stole her, she'll had till't hersell,
And syne will naething be but sad pell-mell.

Syne dool will fell us, the weak ay wins the war,
Sae we at first had better to tak care.

Well, neiper, Ralph replies, I ken that ye
Had aye a gueed and sound advice to gee ;

For it's nae yesterday that I could spy,
That ye could things see farrer thro' than I ;

Sae for my part I'm willing to submit,
To what your gleggler wisdom shall think fit,

Gin that unhappy lad wad be so wise,
As but ly too, and tak your gueed advice.

Quo' he, ye canna better do, than try,
 Ye's hae my input, to gar him comply.
 Cry ye him forth, wese till him lay the lines,
 Hese do't, or else what hads on me he tines.

Ralph does his bidding, and out Lindy comes,
 His father says, lay by, man, thir humdrums,
 And look na mair, like Watty to the worm,
 Gin ye hae promis'd, what bat now perform?
 Amang us all a ravell'd hesp ye've made,
 And now put to your hand, and help to red.
 Ye ken yoursell best whare ye tint the end,
 Sae ye maun foremost gang the mifs to mend;
 'Tis nae to mird with unco fouk, ye see,
 Nor is the blear drawn easy o'er their ee.
 Ye hae yoursell with yon snell maiden locked,
 That winna thole with aff-sets to be joked;
 And sae, my lad, my counsell's ye be low'n,
 And tak a drink of sic as ye hae brewn.
 That's out of jest, and in snell earnest, spark,
 As ye began sae now conclude the wark.

Says Lindy, Father, this is hard eneugh,
 Against ane's will to coup him o'er the heugh,
 With his een open to the fearsome skaith;
 To play sic pranks I will be very laith.
 That ye car'd naething it wad vively seem,
 Whether poor I sud either sink or swim.
 But since ye've casten a careless count 'bout me,
 I mauna sae, but to mysell maun see.
 Sae I maun tell you ae thing, that's nae twa,
 I'll sooner tak wild Scot of Gallowa'.
 Baith ye and Colin ken my mind was set,
 These seven years and mair, anither gate;
 I wadna think sic twa wise fouk as ye,
 Wad to your ain sic wrangous counsel gee,
 I watna well gin ye wad thankfu' been,
 To ony that had you sic counsel geen,

Whan ye were young, and had your fancy fixt :
At your ain hearts, I fear ye had been vext.
And mony a time hae I e'en heard you baith,
Say, ye to cross your wee anes wad be laith.
Well Lindy man, says Colin, that's a' true,
But then was then, my lad, and now is now ;
Bout then-a-days, we'd seldom met with cross,
Nor kend the ill of conters or of loss.
But now the case is alter'd very fair,
And we fair new'd and kam'd against the hair.
We now maun tak the warld as it wags,
And for hail claith, ev'n be content with rags.
Anes on a day, we thought the wind wad blaw
Aye on our backs ; that warld's now awa' ;
And this is come, and we maun not strive wi't,
But e'en submit ; the life, my lad, is sweet.
When a's awa', we strive to keep that grip,
And tak odd shifts, afore we lat it slip.
For Nory, man, ye need na fash your thumb,
Nor keep her mair intill anither's room.
I loor by far, she'd die like Jenkin's hen,
Ere we again meet yon unruly men.
Sae there's nae time to swidder 'bout the thing,
I'll wad her country-lads shall nae be dring,
In seeking her, and making us to rue,
That ever we their name or nature knew ;
Nae farrer back 'bout them need we to look,
Than how ourfells they did sae sadly hook.
Thus at their bargain we the lads maun leave,
'Till of the squire some short account we give ;
Who to his aunt returning, mist his pout,
And was in unco rage, ye needna doubt :
And for her was just like to burn the town,
And for to find her shortly maks him bown ;
Conveens his friends to help him far and near,
And to the mountains did his journey steer.

And thro' the glen with wondrous speed did hy,
 Whare his auld mammy kept his store of ky.
 Blyth was the wife her foster-son to see,
 And fain'd him o'er and o'er right heartily;
 And tauld him, now that she was mair nor fain,
 That kind gueed luck had latten him till his ain,
 Afore mishap had forc'd him to comply,
 Unto a match to which he was fae thry.

Well, says he, mammy, a' that's very gueed,
 But come let's try how tastes your cheese and bread;
 And mean time gee's a waught of callar whey,
 This day's been hot, and we are wondrous dry.
 Your honour fall get that, just in a stound,
 And my sweet bennison to put it down.
 For with your ain it's fit ye sud be fair'd,
 And were it mine, well wad I think it wair'd.

But, says the squire, saw ye nae unco lasses,
 Some of thir days down thro' the forest pass?
 Indeed, quo' she, but yesterday I saw,
 Nae farrer gane, gang by here lasses twa,
 That had gane will and been the-forth all night,
 But O ane of them was a seelfu fight!
 Blind mat I be, and I am now three-score,
 Gin e'er I saw the maik of her afore.
 Her yellow hair that up in curlies row'd,
 Look'd in the sun just like the threads of goud.
 The ither too was a right setting lass,
 Though fotherfome; but meek this lassie was:
 Afore I wist, they just were hard in by,
 As I was busy milking at my ky;
 At me syn shortly they began to speer,
 Gin they were unto Flaviana near.
 For Flaviana speer'd they? said the Squire;
 Heard ye nae word, what was their errand there?
 Indeed, an't like your honour, I dinna ken,
 For me to speer, wad nae gueed havins been.

gae them cruds and milk, and thought indeed,
That of some sust'nance they had meikle need;
And, by my gues, I strove to set them right;
yne in a glent they were out of my sight.

The Squire, whan he a wee had chaw'd his cud
On Lucky's tale, does with himsell conclude,
Whate'er the ither might ha been, that she
Wha fae was roos'd, must his ain Nory be.

Well, says the Squire, 'twas gueed ye gar'd them eat,
Amang thir hills fouk ay has need of meat:

Wha kens but sickan kindness may meet you,
And be some day unto you worth a cow.

Lat nane gae hungry by, that ye see here,

But gie them ay part of your country cheer:

I will allow't; yese nae be scrimp'd of meal:

And ye hae fouth of milk, I see, yoursel.

'Tis crying sin, quo' she, to wrang the dead,

The Laird aye bade me deal a piece of bread:

And I thought aye ye wad break naething aff,

I mind ye liked aye to see a raff.

Well, nurse, says he, knit on on the auld thrum,

And gie nae ground to say a warfe is come:

Whate'er ye did afore, do better now,

He's nae your fae, that has to count with you.

But hearkee, noorise, what I'm gaen to say,

We will be back within a day or twae;

Upon your milk your skilly hand you'll try,

And gee's a feast o't, as we're coming by.

And well I wat, quo' she, I'll do my best,

With hauf a dizen of sorts to please your taste;

Blythsome and well, my chiel, mat ye come back,

And binna angry at my hamely crack;

For well I ken what is your honour's due,

But lat a word with your auld mammy now:

And hear me this ae word, my bonny laird,

All that I've done I'll think the better wair'd,

That a young lady I see you fetch hame,
 Ye'll no thram well as lang's ye lie your lane.
 Well, mammy, quo' he, Ise tak your advice,
 And hae ane of them, gin they binna nice.

Nae fear of that, quo' she; be nice? ha! ha!
 To tak the wealthy laird of Bonny-ha'.

They're nae sic fools, ye might hae ten for ane,
 Were it the fashion, as they say, has been.
 Well worth her room was your gueed lady mither,
 See ye, like her, gin ye can wale anither.

Now by the time that they a piece had ta'en,
 All in a brattle to the gate are gane;
 And soon are out of the auld noorise sight,
 To dress her milk hersel wha shortly dight.
 Sic speed they made, that in an hour or two,
 The braes of Flaviana were in view;
 Of well drest footmen five or six, or more,
 At a gueed rake were running on afore.

Now all this time baith Ralph and Colin try }
 Their utmost art to gar the lad comply;
 But he continued obstinate and thry. }
 As they're thus thrang, the gentles come in view,
 All in a breast upon a bonny brow.
 Amazed at the sight they stood stane still,
 As gin on them some witch had try'd her skill;
 Nae word they spak, till they came close in-by,
 The sight amo' them had rais'd sic a fry;
 The Squire that foremost rade in armour sheen,
 Cry'd, Stop my friends; and lighted on the green.
 To the three men then shortly turns, that gaz'd,
 And looked doited, speechless and bumbaz'd,
 And to them says, Friends, be so kind as tell,
 Gin hereabouts does ane hight Colin dwell.
 This question made the shepherds fae agast:
 That as the quaking asp, they shook as fast,

Nae kenning what to think or what to say :
Or what to do with Colin sic could hae.
Soon could he see they were with fear o'ertane,
And couthily bespeaks them this again ;
Fear na gueed shepherds, fear na at this fight,
We never meant to put you in a fright ;
For peace we're come, and only want to ken,
Gin ane hight Colin wins into this glen.
A well, an't like your honour, Colin says,
Indeed ane of that name wins in thir braes,
But it is mair nor strange, what ane like you,
Sud hae with sic a hame bred man to do ;
For well I wat, I never yet did wrang,
To great nor small, since I had pith to gang.
Are ye the man ? The Squire soon maks reply.
I am, he says, my name I'll not deny.
The Squire, as soon's the verity he fand,
Straight taks the honest shepherd by the hand :
Wha wondering at the kindness, gae a jouk,
But did confus'd and mair nor shameful look.
Soon could the Squire his blate confusion see ;
And says, Tak heart, yese get nae wrang frae me,
But all the gueed that's in my power to do.
Now tell me does this house belang to you ;
'Deed no, he says, bat mine is just at hand,
And it and I are baith at your command.
'Tis true, 'tis barer than its wont to be,
But wha themselves can from mischances free ?
Nae mony days aback, I mair could say ;
But fouk sud not be vain of what they hae.
I've heard sae, says the Squire, but never mind,
Nor at sic woful antercasts repine ;
'Tis but a cloud afore the clear sun shine.
Ye'll see anither change, ere four days gang,
And ye be just as right as ye was wrang.

As they're fae cracking, a' the house thrangs out,
 Gouping and gazing at the new-come rout.
 With some furprise the Squire beholds the thrang,
 And speer's gin all did till ae house belang;
 And scarce had said it, when out at the door,
 Just at her mither's back comes Helenore.
 He sees the fight, then with a fiercelins bang,
 Out throw the thickest of the croud he sprang,
 And in a hint he claspt her hard and fast,
 With baith his gardies round about her waist;
 And laid a thousand on her bonny mou',
 That was as red as rose that ever grew.
 Then said, sweet Nory, ye was fair to blame,
 Sae to gang aff afore that I came hame.
 But, since we're met, I think my pains well wair'd,
 There fall be news again afore we part.
 Poor shameful Nory wist-na how to look,
 Sae to be kifs'd afore sae mony fouk;
 Look up she could na, but her apron strings,
 As fast's she could, row'd out and in, in rings.
 But O! the unco gazing that was there,
 Upon poor Nory and her gentle Squire!
 And ae thing some and some anither said,
 But very few of faults poor Nory freed;
 Though that she faultless was, maun be allow'd,
 But travell'd women are but synle trow'd.
 But all thir cushle-mushle was but jést,
 Unto the coal that burnt in Lindy's breast.
 Sad were the dunts and knells yeed to his heart,
 To think that Nory had misplaid her part:
 And now begins to think 'twas not for nought,
 That of his daunting she fae little thought.
 Whan sic a Squire about her was fae thrang,
 Out of his wits he just was like to gang;
 Thinking for her to come to sic a pass,
 And all was now but scores among the ase.

But sic a crowd the Squire surpris'd to see,
At Colin speers what could the meaning be.
Indeed an't like your honour, Colin says,
Sic ither threap saw I not all my days,
As now is here; but wimpl'd is the tale,
Ye'd weary fair afore I tell'd it hail.
But gin to red it ye wad please to try,
T'would be an act indeed of charity.

Let's hear't, he says, and I fall do my best,
Gin on my sentence parties like to rest:
Tell on your tale, and naething thereof miss.
I fall, quo' Colin, and the tale is this.

Frae this aback, and that nae mony days,
A band of Kettrin hamphis'd all our bares,
Ca'd aff our gueeds at twelve hours of the day,
Nor had we maughts to turn again the prey.
Sair bargain made the herds to turn again,
But, what needs mair? all was but wark in vain.
The herds came hame, and made a reefu' rair,
And all the braes rang loud with dool and care.
My lassie, whom it seems that you have seen,
Frae kindness this day shawn her on the green,
Like ane hair-brain'd unto the glen taks gate,
Whan now the night was growing mark and late.
With our surprise she's nae mist till the morn,
And now her mither on me blaws the horn.
And I maun aff and seek her right or wrang,
And mony a bootless foot did for her gang:
And at the last I fell among my faes,
The cruel Kettrin of Sevitia's braes.
And that lad there ye see with yellow hair,
With me did of the worst of chances share.
Into their hands we baith together fell,
And they did use us very sharp and snell,
Bound us all night, and wrought us hard all day,
And for our pains but little sust'nance gae.

The maiden of the house saw our mishap,
And out of sight gae's mony a bit and drap.
And shortly to the lad sic liking took,
That she but him nae saught nor ease could brook.
Nae ither boot she had, but tell her care,
Sprang frae the lad that had the yellow hair;
And on the night engag'd to let us gae,
Sae be the lad her for his ain wad hae;
And tak her hame, syne join afore the priest.
All this he promis'd but by way of jest.
Sae on a night, as we did all agree,
She opens our prison door, and sets us free.
Aff all together we three linking came,
But her to drap the lad contrives a sham;
And sends her back for something he forgot:
Sae we gaes on, and thought she'd slip the knot.
But, by your favour, she's no very blate,
She follows on, and with my lassie met,
That at some gentle house had shelter ta'en—
(I reed your honour does this better ken)
Sae finding she for Flaviana speer'd,
They made their py, and aff together steer'd;
And just this very day arrived here,
And this, an't like your honour, maks the steer.
The lass, see yonder, her with the brown hair,
Bydby they call her, bargains tough and fair,
That Lindy there sud by his promise bide,
Gae face the Priest, and own her for his bride.
But he for this again is not so clear,
He thinks 'tis buying of the favour dear.
And mair attoure, his mind this mony a day,
Gatelins to Nory, there, my dother, lay.
But for sic thoughts, as far as I can see,
'Twill be their wisdom now to lat them be.
'Tis true indeed, whan sickan thoughts began,
And all our things in their auld channel ran,

might hae done ; but as we're stated now,
our little anes may tak ither trades than woo.
deed we've seen the world leave wealthy fouks,
at they that marry when they've nought, are gouks.
think fae too, reply'd the cunning Squire,
ic all their days stand likely to be bare.

our honour's hitten the nail upon the head,
ouk to fit down with something aye wad need ;
and now your honuor hears what maks the thrang.
deed, quo' he, I think that Lindy's wrang,
as far as I can gather frae your tale ;
but I sud be content to hear himsell,
and Bydby too ; gin they refer to me,
d do my best to mak their odds agree.

Syne they are call'd. Says Bydby, I'm content,
and to your honour's vote gee my consent ;
for sic I think's the plainess of my case,
That nane to gee't against me can hae face.
Well bonny las, he says, that e'en may be,
But yet what Lindy says o't we maun see.

Well Lindy man, tell gin the bargain was,
By latting of you gae, to tak the las ?

Quo' he, Ise warrant sickan words hae been,
An't like your honour, her and me between.

To lat you gae, gin she speer'd what'll ye give me,
I've ablins said, that I fall tak you with me ;

Cud that be good fae fast a grip to had,
Or gee a las a title till a lad ?

I wonder that she thinks-na burning shame,
On sic an errand fae to come frae hame.

For we poor fouks like at some pains to be,
To court our lasses their consent to gee ;

And think them light that hastily consent,

Afore some time and pains on them be spent :

But to seek us, afore their pulse we try,

We count them scrimp of shame and modesty.

Well Lindy, that sometimes the case may be,
 And sometimes no, as ye right now shall see;
 Nae doubt we wish, when we are linking set
 Upon a lass, with as gued to be met;
 Now should we blame a lass, that's just as free
 To look about her, and to like as we?
 A lass may be as modest that likes you,
 As ony ane your fancy likes to woo:
 And all the fault, and sure it is the least,
 Is latting out the coal that burns her breast:
 Ye ken yoursell the pain of hadding in,
 And should we in the woman count it sin?
 But there is ae thing, that we maun allow,
 The lass likes best, that's forc'd hersell to woo;
 Whan they are, may be, whom we court of choice,
 Nae hauf fae honest, and a deal mair nice.
 Sae ginna sentence rashly till ye ken;
 Sic I've seen blythe to eat their words again;
 And sic, I reed, will be the case with you;
 Sae dinna blame fae fair poor Bydby now.

Well mat your honour thram for that, quo' she,
 For as ye've said, the case is just with me:
 That lad I liked aboon ony ane,
 And like him yet, for a' that's come and gane;
 And boot to tell, for fear I lost the hint,
 Sae that I on him hae not steal'd a dint.
 Had I come after, likè a knotless thread,
 It might be said that I was light indeed;
 But here I put it till him, gin that he
 To tak me didna promise haleumlie,
 Ere we took gate; and he kens best himsell,
 To leave poor me, upon what shifts he fell.
 Without my knowledge he had left his coat,
 Then says to me, that he had it forgot.
 And for the love to him I ever had,
 He me again to run about it pray'd.

And now what was't for him I wadna do?
And how I'm treated, Ise be judg'd by you.
Sae with sic guiding I am left my lane,
And mony a weary foot finfyne have gane.
Bore to the yerd with that unhappy coat,
That he sae slily said he had forgt.
And now he thinks to put me aff with hire,
That gate to leave me sticking in the mire:
But he's mista'en to think to guide me sae,
For he's the only hire that I will hae.

And well, I think, ye've win him, said the squire,
For ye hae plaid your part, and something mair,
And now I think that Lindy sud play his,
And mak amends to you for sic amifs.
What say ye man? think ye na burning shame
To gee a lafs sic reason you to blame?
Can ye expect to thram or foretherds gang,
That hae been guilty of sae great a wrang?
Cause and mansworn will be the names ye'll get,
Sae think in time while ye can mend it yet;
For gin ye lat it to a hearing come,
Ye'll find ye've knit your web to a wrang thrum:
Force will compel you to comply at last,
Sae look about you ere the hint be past.

Quo he, indeed this were a sareless feast,
To tak in earnest what ane speaks in jest,
But maistly whare we hae our life to lead.
Then, ere ye spake, ye sud tak better heed,
Replies the Squire, but now the hint is past,
Ere it yeed by, ye sud hae gript it fast.
Do ye na think that ye with favours met,
Whan ye by Bydby was at freedom set?
And mind, that love, which now she claims as due,
Was what inclin'd her first to pity you;
To mend your meal, and syne to set you free,
Sae love sud also now your motive be;

For you she did mair than could all your kin,
 Sae to draw back you must na now begin.
 For weaknefs we the women use to shame,
 But on ourfells ye're like to turn the blame.
 Do justice, man, and bring na sic a stain
 On what has been the constant brag of men;
 Mind what this las has undergane for you,
 Since ye did her so treach'rously forhow.
 How she is catch'd for you frae wig to wa',
 And nae forespeakers has her cause to ca':
 Has run the risk of all her friends' down-look,
 Whan for your sake this standing loup she took;
 And she herfell a strapping las to lout;
 I fairly how ye can hae face to do't.
 A las, what I can see, that well may fair
 The best mail payer's son that e'er buir hair;
 Besides I find she's metal to the teeth,
 And is nae like to be put aff sae eeth.
 Gin at the las ye fae repine and grumble,
 Her friends may come and raise you with a rumble.
 By what I hear, their heavy hand ye ken,
 Nor need ye green to waken them again.

Then Bydby glibly to the Squire reply'd,
 That is as true a tale as e'er you said;
 Gin they come here, as come they will I'm sure,
 For twenty pounds I wadna stand their stour.
 'Tis true, I winna say, but I'll get blame,
 Sae like a knotless thread to come frae hame;
 But when they see how I am guided here,
 They winna stand to reckon lang, I fear.
 For tho' I say't myfell, they're nae to kame
 Against the hair, a fieldward or at hame.

As for this las, that was your jo before,
 I reed she thinks ye hae gane o'er the score.
 Proceeds the Squire, and that whatever now
 Ye may pretend, she sees ye're nae to trow.
 And though for you sic kindness yet she had,

As she wad you afore anither wed,
How cud she think that grace or thrift cud be
With ane she now does fae mansworn see?
Houk ay had best begin with dealing fair,
Altho' they fud forgather ne'er fae bare;
For Nory's sake, this fideling hint he gae,
To brak her piece and piece her Lindy frae;
And gain'd his point; for she look'd wondrous dram,
And thought his shifiting Bydby but a sham.
This pleas'd the Squire, and made him think that he
At least frae Lindy wad keep Nory free.
And for himsell to mak the plainer road,
Betweesh them fae by casting of a clod.
Then Lindy says, Sir, this is unco hard,
This gate we hae nae chance against a kaird.
Gin she but say, she likes ane, that's eneugh,
And we, as lang's they'll ca', maun hald the plough.
But says the Squire, gin ye wad tell a tale
That wad bear weight, be sure to tell it hail;
Attour that Bydby tauld she liked you,
She yet says mair, and that's, that ye did vow.
If with a kaird, as her, the case were so,
And she infist to have you, wherefore no?
That back-door is o'er strait to lat you out,
Sae seek na mair for shifts to look about:
For from what I can either see or hear,
About your case, ye're Bydby's well won gear.
Sae pay your debt, and mak na mair about it,
Hail claith looks ay far better then the clouted.

All this claw'd Bydby's back, and made her fain,
As by her blythsome looks ye well might ken.
The Squire ken'd well, and unto Lindy says,
Sic cheery looks a heart hauf-dead might raise.

Now Nory all the while was playing prim,
As ony lamb as modest and as mim.
And never a look with Lindy did lat fa',

But chew'd her cud on what she heard and saw.
 Now Lindy's heart is hassins in a swidder,
 The wild Sevilians pat him in sic dridder,
 And he 'bout Nory now cud see nae lythe,
 And Bydby only on him looked blythe.

Then said the Squire, I wifs we had the priest,
 I'm thinking Lindy's all this time in jest;
 We sud dunt out the boddom o't ere lang,
 Nor Lindy mair be chargeable with wrang.

Quo' Lindy, Sir, sic knots are easy casten,
 But I'm but that gate hauf resolv'd to fasten.
 Well, hauf is something, after comes the hail,
 See Ralph and Colin, what ye can prevail.
 Tak lad and lass, and speak among yourfells,
 And when ye've done, come back again and tell's.
 Sae aff they gang, and down together sit.
 Yon laird, says Colin, has a deal of wit.
 The gentle fort ken mickle mair than we,
 Sae we sud tak the counsel that they gee.
 Sae Lindy, put an end to all this strife,
 And tak kind Bydby here to be your wife.
 'Tis hard to ken, where blessings for't may light,
 Tho' at the time they may be out of sight.
 'Tmay be a means to get our gueeds again:
 At least, I'm sure, to slight her wad be nane.
 But that we're certain to get sturt and skaith,
 But by the ither may get free of baith.
 This Squire, may be, may with their master deal:
 Great fouks with ither easy prevail.

Quo' Ralph, Troth Colin, I think ye are right,
 It winna do at all this lass to slight.
 And truly, Lindy, I maun this allow,
 The lass is feer for feer, for hide and hue.
 And as we're circumstanc'd, I had it fit,
 As lang's the iron's het, ye sharply hit;
 For fear ye lose the heat afore ye wit.

Gin anes they come, and things nae at a close,
Better your feet, man, baith were in ae hose;
Did a' the mischief light on you your lane,
It were less skaith, 'twere but the lose of ane.
But gin they anes brak loose, they winna spare,
Sakeless nor guilty, man, wife, chiel, nor chare.
Come, man, says Colin, what needs all this din,
The lass, but mair, may fair your chief of kin.
Begin the wark, and gie'er a kindly kifs,
There's naething but amends to heal amiss.
Indeed quo' he, that's what I well can spare,
We gie her ane, tho' she sud get nae mair.

At this poor Bydby's heart came till her mou',
She met my lad hauf-gates and mair 'I trow,
And gar'd her lips on his gae sic a smack,
That well out-by ye wad hae heard the crack;
And then with sic a blithsome blink she took it,
That therewith Lindy's mair than hassins hooked.
Upon the lass his heart 'gan sae to warm,
That ane wad thought the kifs had been a charm.
Gin he look'd blythe, the lassie looked mair,
For shame was past the shading of her hair.
Ye could na tell, 'cept ye had found't your fell,
How Bydby's heart did at the kindness knell.
To him she says, Well-fell me Lindy now,
That e'er I got a tasting of your mou';
Nae hony-byke that I did ever pree,
Did taste so sweet and smervy unto me.
The day is now my ain. Lat's gae and tell
Yon gentle Squire, that he's content himsell.
Well mat he be, and well mat ye be a',
That's helped my dear Lindy's heart to fa'.
For want, my Lindy, hae ye now nae fear,
Tho' ye be herry'd, I hae fouth of gear;
And mair attour mysell fall bear the blame,
Gin all your gueeds come not yet dancing hame.

Sae wisely thus she did the gully guide,
 That Lindy fand he had scarce room to slide.
 In this gueed mood they all come in a-breast,
 And Bydby looks as gin she'd found a nest.
 The Squire could soon the alteration spy,
 Whan they came all sae cheerfully in-by.
 And says, I see ye're all accorded now,
 What gueed advice may do, ye winna trow.
 And tho' poor Lindy look'd but hauf and hauf,
 Yet Bydby answer'd with a blythsome gauff,
 Well fell me now, the day is all my ain,
 There is nae pleasure gotton without pain.

Then says the Squire, My friends, now had you
 Wese hae a priest to end this dibberderry; (merry,
 Kifs on and daut, and use your freedom now,
 Nane now dare say, 'tis ill-done that ye do.
 With Colin I maun hae a quiet crack,
 And ye fall see a sport when I come back.
 Than taks his Nory by the milk white hand,
 That all the while did changing colours stand;
 Then bids he Colin bring his wife alang:
 Syne all sat down a wee bit frae the thrang.
 When they are set, he unto Colin says,
 I've not yet tauld my errand to thir braes;
 Yon threap, I think, is feckly at a close,
 But I hae something better to propose.
 Poor Nory here is like to want her jo,
 And tooth and nail I've wrought to have it so.
 That she should want, I think great pity were,
 And she sae ripe, sae cherry-cheek'd and fair;
 That she has mist this heat, I am not wae.
 Says Colin, she may want this year and day;
 'Twill tak this seven year, I fear and mae,
 Scrape where we like, ere she be fit to gae.

Then says the Squire, Gin that be all your fear,
 She fanna want a man, for want of gear.

A thousand pounds a-year, well burden free,
I mak her sure of, gin she'll gang with me.
And with the word a kindly smack her gae,
Till Nory blusht, and wistna what to say.
Awa' says Colin, that will never do,
A country little-ane for the like of you.
It is not feer for feer, fae dinna joke,
Ye'll get your equal, and she'll get her luck.
Says Squire, for joking gin I had been set,
I could have pleas'd myfell anither gate;
And never speer'd your leave, whan her I fand,
In the wide forest full at my command.

But lat her tell gin ony wrang I gae.
Indeed, quo' she, Sir, that I dare not say.
Sae Colin, I'm in earnest, though that I
Could, nill ye will ye, carry aff my prey;
I stand so free; yet 'tis my choice to speer,
Yours and your wife's good-will for Nory here.

A well, an't like your honour, Colin says,
Gin that's the gate, we need na mak great phrase.
The credit's ours, and we may blest the day,
That ever keest her in your honour's way.
But ye'll hae of her but a filly prize,
And soon belike may her and hers despise.
A witless little-ane, bred to herd the ewes,
Or, when they're full, to pull a birn of cowes.
That or sic like's the maist that she can do,
And fae I reed she'll not be fit for you;
But, come of her what likes, I'm twice content,
That Lindy's to his bargain gien consent.
For that may help perhaps to quench the ire,
That glows 'mang the Sevilians, like a fire;
For up they'll be upon a wondrous steer;
And gueed's the hap we hae your honour's here:
Gin ye'll but byde amang's a day or twa,
To help's a hitch afore ye gang awa',

'Twould calm them fair, sic part-takers to see,
 Amang fae poor and feckless fouk as we.
 All that I grant, reply'd the gallant Squire,
 And I be glad, what help I can to share,
 But mak me sure my Nory is my ain,
 And ye nor I fall hae na farther pain.
 Out, out, quo' he, gin ye be baith content,
 To gang together, yese hae my consent,
 And well I wat, quo' Jean, and yese hae mine,
 And my best benifons the same to line.
 And tho' I say't, she's just as guded a child,
 Wife, and kind hearted, chearful, meek, and mild,
 As ony she that ever yeed on bane,
 Gentle or simple, exception mak I nane.
 'Tis true, I grant, she's nae a maik for you,
 Though she be well enough for hide and hue.
 But maks na, 'tis all ane since ye're content,
 I hope yese never of your choice repent;
 Altho' her father there, fool senseless man,
 Says, that the lassie has nae skill nor can;
 He kens na better, and is fair mista'en,
 But nae lang syne, she made a keek her lane;
 And never gat a lesson but bare ane. }
 She'll shape to ony cast your honour likes,
 Conceited fouks are ready to loup dikes.
 A well, good wife, that's true, I'm of your mind,
 I could hae gotten enew of my ain kind,
 And courting me as hard as they cou'd do,
 Tho' Lindy skairs at lassies when they woo';
 But on my Nory here my fancy's fet,
 She's get the fortune that she wish't to get.

Now Nory, tell me; Nory, will ye hae
 A swinging laird, and lat the shepherd gae?
 Yese be as happy as the day is lang,
 And there about us twa fall be a fang,

That fall be heard as far as bonny Jean,
That erst was all the burden of the glen.

Since they're content to whom I do belang,
The blushing says, that I with you should gang,
To say you nay, I think I should be wrang. }

For great's the kindness that ye kyth'd on me,
Whan me ye did in the wild forest see,
And kind the lady was of Bonny-ha',
Frae whom I came o'er racklessly awa';
But fainness to be hame, that brunt my breast,
Made me to tak the ettle when it keest.

If ye're content, 'tis just enough to me,
Were ye anes hame, your life shall easy be,
The Squire reply'd, and twin'd his willing arms
About her waist, and kifs'd her bonny charms.

Of your consent, he says, I'm mair nor fain,
And vogie that I can ca' you my ain.

Your bonny cheeks that first I sleeping saw,
Just as ye lay, quite aff my feet me staw,
Frae then till now I brook'd nae peace nor rest,
Sae stak your sweet resemblance in my breast.

To eat your meat, and that's be of the best,
And wear your claiths frae head to foot well drest,

Thro' bonny yards to walk, and apples pu',

Or henny pears to melt within your mou',

Or on the camowyne to lean you down,

With roses red and white all busked round,

Sall be the height of what ye'll hae to do,

And nane to quarrel or find fault with you.

My cousin Betty, whom ye ken and saw,

And left full dowy down at Bonny ha',

Whan you came aff, fall your companion be,

And like twa sisters ye will fort and gree.

And further, lest my Nory should think lang,

Kind Colin there and Jean with us shall gang.

Indeed quo' Colin, since my lassie's gaing,
 And on her feet fae hapily has fa'en,
 I'm e'en content it be as ye wad ha'et,
 Your honour winna miss our bit and baid.

Well, honest Colin, there's my hand to yours,
 There's be nae odds at hame 'bout yours and ours:
 At hack and manger, Jean and ye fall live,
 Of what ye like, with power to tak or give;
 But, that we lose no time, we'll call the priest,
 And see what can be gotten for a feast;
 For I've brought drink enough, and of the best,
 Of great or sma', that well may please your taste.
 Quo' Colin, I hae yet upon the town,
 A quoy, just gaing three, a' berry brown;
 A tydy beast, and glittering like the slae,
 That by gueed hap escap'd the greedy fae.
 Well will I think it wair'd, at sic a tide,
 Now when my lassie is your honour's bride;
 She's get the mell, and that fall be right now,
 As well's a quoy altho' she were a cow.

Fair fa' you, Colin, ye speak like yoursell,
 She's be a well paid quoy, gin I hald heal,
 Says the blythe Squire, mean time we'll tak a glafs,
 And drink a' health to my dear shepherdess,
 Untill the priest be come, to gee's the grace;
 And syne wese birle it bauld with chearful face.
 Call in-by Lindy, and his Bydby here,
 That they may get a share of our gueed cheer.

But hear ye first, my Nory maun be drest,
 And that, I 'ssure you, maun be of the best:
 Says Colin, Heary, haste ye and rin o'er,
 Your bridal fark, I ken, is to the fore:
 It wafna on I wat this seven year,
 And well I wat it anes was clean and clear;
 Pit that upon her, and what mair ye hae,
 Ye canna mak her braw enough the-day.

Quo Jean, I fall do that intill a stoun,
And hail and fear besides my wedding gown.
All fall gang on, the lassie'll take it now,
Gueed stuf it is, and looks as it were new.
Attour I hae a ribbon twa ell lang,
As broad's my loof, and nae a thrum o't wrang:
Gin it hae mony marrows I'm beguil'd,
Twas never out of fauld syn she was swayl'd;
All this I hae, and she fall get it a';
Were they anes on, she'll e'en be bridal-braw.

The Squire replies, Ye've been a noble guide,
But these are out of fashion for my bride.
They'll fit you best, put ye them on yoursell,
Ye well deserve for thrift to bear the bell;
My Nory fanna want. Then gae a cry,
Whereat twa well drest ladies came in-by;
To them he says, Ye'll tak this angel sweet,
And drefs with havins for your mistress meet,
My love, my bride, and spare no pains nor care;
For chap and choice of suits ye hae them there;
And as ye do't, mind ye your mistress drefs,
Nor than to such let your regard be less.

The maids obey, and Nory's taken in,
And of her country claiths stript to the skin.
But O the bonny things that they had there,
Of gowns and cambricks, costly, fine, and rare!
I canna name the hauf; but of them they
Buskt up a bonny Nory there that day.
So white, so neat, that when she came again,
Her mother Jean did hassins her misken.
Now by the time that Nory comes in-by,
Like Venus from a scamper thro' the sky;
Fleeing with silks, and ruddy like the morn,
That casts a glow upon the yellow corn,
Lindy and Bydby frae their quiet crack,
Right well content, and blythsome like, came back,

The Squire observes them, and says, come awa',
 I'm fain to see you look sae, but a ga';
 Your scruples, Lindy, by your look I find,
 Are at close, and answer'd to your mind.
 Quo' Lindy, Sir, indeed I canna say,
 But I and Bydby may together gae;
 But there is ae thing I'd hae dunted out,
 And I nae mair fall say this threap about.
 And that's, that Nory own, afore you a',
 That on my side the bargain did na fa',
 For, for my coat, I wadna wish't were said,
 That I of jamphing maidens made a trade.
 Well, Lindy, I believe, reply'd the Squire,
 Nory'll be frank, to do you justice there;
 For what between you twa has ever been,
 Nane to the other will cast up, I ween,
 But quite to mak you easy, let her tell
 Afore this fouk, what she thinks o't herself.

Then Nory says, 'Tis needless to come o'er,
 'Twixt you and me what happen'd has before:
 That's past, and gane, and things ye see have ta'en
 Anither cast, and maun be lat alane,
 But before all here standing I avow,
 That naething wrang I hae to say to you;
 And as a token that I hae nae grudge,
 Where'er I win yese welcome be to lodge;
 And fare as I do, and what I can spare,
 Ife ever mak you welcome to a share.
 Now, Lindy, says the Squire, you're easy now, }
 And Nory says naething but gueed to you, }
 And what she here has shapen, I shall sew: }
 Bring ilka year, as lang's ye dow and live,
 A lamb, and to your auld acquaintance give;
 And in your loof ye's get as aft down tauld,
 The worth of all that suck within your fauld.

And now the priest to join that pair is come,
but first is welcom'd with a glass of rum.
And now the pairs, by choice together cast,
in wedlock's bands are linked hard and fast;
and now the dishes on the damask green
are set in rank, with proper space between;
While honest Jean brings forward in a clap,
The green-horn cutties rattling in her lap;
and frae them wyl'd the sleekest that was there,
and thumb'd it round, and gave it to the Squire.
Then round the ring she dealt them ane by ane,
Clean in her pearlin keek and gown alane.
The priest said grace, and all the thrang fell too,
and ply'd their cutties at the smervy broo:
Then on the beef of the new-slaughter'd quoy,
Baith knives and teeth and thumbs they did employ;
sometimes the beer, sometimes the wine went round,
For what the Squire bad do, was snaply done;
While all the green with music sweetly rang,
And honest Colin knack'd his thumbs and sang.
When dinner's o'er, the dancing neist began,
And throw and throw they lap, they slang, they ran:
The country-dances and the country reels,
With streaked arms bobb'd round, and nimble heels.
The Squire ordain'd nae rander to be kept,
And roos'd him always best that lightest leapt,
Left Nory, seeing dancing by a rule,
Should blush, as having never been at school.
While thus the blythsome mirth gaes round,
Colin behadding on the green,
And mair nor pleas'd turns in a stound,
And couthily says unto Jean,
What think ye, 'oman, of this day?
May we not think our pains well wair'd,
And that it is right blythsome play,
Whan our young Nory's gotten a laird?

Jean says, I thought ay gueed of her wad come,
For she was with the foremost up and some.

Then Colin says, Come, deary, gee's a fang,
And lat's be hearty with the merry thrang;
Awa', she says, fool man, ye're growing fu',
Whae'er's daft to day, it sets nae you.

As they're at this, the Squire came dancing by,
And speers what thoughts their minds did occupy.
Quo' Colin, Sir, an't like your honour, we
'Bout Nory's happy luck were cracking free.
And I was bidding Jean e'en gee's a fang,
That we among the lave might mix our mang.
But she but jamphs me, telling me I'm fu',
And gin't be fae, Sir, Ise be judg'd by you.
I join you Colin, then the bridegroom says,
Come honest Jean, gee's Flaviana's braes.
Quo Jean, my steven, Sir, is blunted fair,
And singin' frae me frightened aff with care.
But gin ye'll tak it, as I now can gee't,
Ye're welcome till't, and my sweet blessing wi't.

To the tune of THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

OF all the lads that be
On Flaviana's braes,
My Colin bears the gree,
And that a thousand ways.
Best on the pipe he plays,
Is merry, blyth and gay,
And Jeany fair, he says,
Has stown my heart away.

II. Had I ten thousand pounds,
I'd all to Jeany gee;
And thole a thousand wounds,
To keep my Jeany free.

For Jeany is to me,
Of all the maidens fair,
My jo, and ay fall be,
With her I'll only pair.

III. Of roses I will weave
To her a flowery crown;
All other cares I'll leave,
And busk her haffets round;
I'll buy her a new gown,
With strips of red and blue,
And never mair look brown,
For Jean will ay be new.

IV. My Jeany made reply,
Since ye have chosen me,
Then all my wits I'll try,
A loving wife to be.
If I my Colin see,
I'll lang for naething mair,
With him I do agree,
In weal and woe to share.

Now Sir, ye hae our Flaviana's braes,
And well, ye see, our gossip did me praise;
But we're forfairn, and fair alter'd now,
Sic youngfome fangs are fareless frae my mou'.
Hale be your heart, the merry Squire replies,
Nae to the worse is alter'd yet the guise.
And hale too, Colin, be your heart; but you,
This blythsome fang we all had wanted now.
Then Colin said, the carline made it nice,
But well I kent she could it rightly dice.
Aft times unbid she lilted it to me,
And o'er the fire has blinked in my ee.

To fill a glafs the cheerful Squire commands,
And with the honest seelfu' pair shook hands:

Then drank their health, and gar'd it gae about,
And O the drink was nappy, brown and stout.

As thus the dancing and the mirth gaes on,
Ane looks about and says, O firs, what's yon?
A heap of men advancing at full dreel,
And O the foremost looks a fearsome chiel.

All look about, and Lindy says, Ho! ho!

Yon's the Sevilians, what shall we do now?

And yon's black Tam that gaes his lane afore,
There'll be among us now a dowie hour.

Then Colin says, alas! the tale's o'er true;
Our mirth will be all turn'd to mourning now.

'Tis now come to our hand what Bydby tauld,
We'll naething be afore yon bangsters bauld.

The Squire observes their fright, says, Never fear;

We'll meet them with as sharp and trusty gear:

Come, friends, with courage let us meet the crew,
And that there's men in Flaviana shew.

Mean while he says to stalwart Aiken-hill,

Till we be ready, you step forward will;

With your habiliments and armour sheen,

And ask yon highland Kettrin what they mean?

Charge them to stop, nor move a foot-braid more,

Or at their peril they shall cross the score.

The knight obeys with glancing sword in hand,

With stately step, and brow made for command,

On his left arm he bore his massy targe,

Well boss'd with steel, and out of measure large.

When he was full within their hearing got,

With dreadful voice from off a rising mot,

He call'd to stop; and calling struck the ground,

Till all the yerd return'd a trembling sound.

The men, though bauld, yet at the daring fight,

And manly cry, were some put in a fright;

And stopt a wee, then up mair softly came:

Then ask'd the knight, what was their country's name.

evitia, they replied. What seek ye here?
In sic a band, and in sic warlike geer!
Our sister, we suppose, is stolen away,
And by the Flavianians made a prey:
Her at all hazards we intend to claim,
And on the havers fix the riefing blame.

And now the Squire is ready to advance,
And in his hand holds up a shining lance;
And bids the stoutest of the gather'd thrang,
Gird on their bulziement and come alang.
Nory at this is suddently agast,
With both her hands unto the Squire grips fast.
Crying, dear Sir, you shall not, must not go,
Yon Kettrin's bows will surely shoot you thro';
For any thing with you I'll never part,
For fear's already like to brak my heart.
Fear not, dear Nory, softly said the Squire,
The fight of us will make them fast retire.
Retire or no, poor Nory made reply,
If you go any further, so will I.

Then come alang, since with me ye'll abide,
We'll look the better that we hae our bride.
You want not darts that can baith wound and kill,
You know you shot me sleeping in the hill.
Your glancing een will make their heads to reel,
And melt their arrows, tho' of forged steel.
So hand in hand the new-knit pair set out,
Attended by a brave and gallant rout.
The Squire comes up, and says to Aiken-hill,
Have these intruders then obey'd your will?
So far he says, that they have stopt their course,
But say, that here is of their march the source.
The Squire advances, and enquires the cause,
They thus adventure to break thro' the laws?
By breaking in upon their neighbours bounds,
Like baited bears, or like blood-thirsty hounds!

Did they imagine, Flaviana's braes
 Had no protector from their bloody faes?
 He'd let them see they widely were mista'en,
 And should be met with as hard match agen.
 Tho' they of late unquarrell'd wan awa',
 When they these honest people's gueeds did ca';
 That they should find the guise was alter'd now,
 And reason have this reckless race to rue.

Then the Sevitians made this bold reply.
 We never thought it wrang to ca' a prey;
 Our auld forebears practis'd it all their days,
 And ne'er the warse for that did set their claife;
 But never heard that e'er they steal'd a cow;
 Sic dirty things they wad hae scorn'd to do.
 But tooming faulds or scouring of a glen,
 Was ever deem'd the deed of protty men;
 So we for that need not cast down our brow,
 It is the thing that we may well avow.

The Squire consider'd 'twas na best to fight
 With men 'bout things that they accounted right,
 But tries with reason to reduce their wills,
 And shaw the wrang of what they judg'd not ills.

And thus begins: Your auld forebears, you say,
 Taught you to teem a fauld, and drive a prey;
 They thought it was a doughty deed, and ye
 To do the like right well intitl'd be:

But tell me this, how ye would like the case,
 If others on yourfells should turn the chase?
 Say they, we know no reason but they might,
 The strongest side has ay the strongest right.
 If we our side unable are to guard,

Let them the booty have for their reward.
 The Squire replied, my lads, ye judge amifs,
 For of the weak the law protector is.

It may be, said the Kettrin, but if true,
 We have like reason to complain of you;

Ye've stown a lass and frae us forc'd awa',
And ere we want her we fall pluck a craw.
O then, reply'd the Squire, is this the case?
Come forward, and ye soon fall hae redress.
The lass is safe and sound, and married leal,
And free to tell that her we did not steal.
Stark love and kindness made her to come here,
Whan we to have her were not quite so clear;
But we've inclin'd the lad that wan her heart,
To gee himsel to heal her langing smart.

If that's the case, say they, our mind's at rest,
We wish they o't may hae a merry feast.
A merry feast they hae, he says, and ye
Come forward, and the truth thereof fall see.

And now the fead is soften'd, and along
They march, and mix themselves among the thrang.
The face of things is alter'd in a snap,
And as they came, they danc'd, they sang, they lap.
Colin and Lindy now, who fear'd the worst,
This change observing, come among the first;
With Bydby hadding Lindy by the hand,
To welcome the Sevilians to their land.

And merry was their meeting on the green,
And O the shaking hands that there was seen!
All forward now in merry mood they went,
And all the day in mirth and ranting spent;
Well were they pleas'd with Lindy, when they saw
With him the yoke how Bydby loo'd to draw.
When they had eat and danc'd, and drank their fill,
Then said the Squire, my lads, it is my will,
As by this marriage ye are linked here,
That ye restore this honest people's gear,
And live like friends, and each stand by the other,
As close as ye would do to any brother.
Give o'er your hairships; and improve your lands,
Nor mair a-strolling go with riefing bands;

Sae fall you hence be had in good esteem,
And your lost reputation much redeem.

Then the Sevitians gave this mild reply :
Your just request we canna well deny.
Since Lindy has with Bydby join'd his hand,
Theyse hae their gear again at your command ;
Chap out as mony yonkers frae the glen,
As ilka horn and hoof of yours may ken ;
And we fall them a ready taiken gee,
That fall frae us lat all their gueeds gae free.
Accordingly the lads were wyl'd and sent,
The taiken shewn, that, but a host, was kent ;
And all the beasts in course of time came hame,
And ilka cow was welcom'd by her dame.
Then all the afternoon they danc'd and drank,
And were with ither hearty, free and frank.
At night the wedding pairs on beds of hey,
Did ratify the business of the day.

Now when the morn was gilt with Phœbus beams,
And reek in streaming tow'rs frae lumb-heads leams ;
The Squire and all his sightly friends are seen,
In good array upon the dewy green.
And straight with the Sevitians seal'd a band,
In after times unalterable to stand.

To wit, ' That they with Flaviana's braes,
' Should ever mair hae common friends and faes ;
' Attour the Squire to Lindy does bequeath,
' To brook all Colin's gear to his last breath ;
' And to his children after him.' As now
Colin with these wad hae nae mair to do,
As he and Jean were with the Squire to gang,
For all their lifetime, be it ne'er fae lang.
To the Sevitians here we bid adieu,
And leave them feasting with their allies new.

And now the Squire his hamewith course intends,
And aff a massage to auld mammy sends.

Anither forward unto Bonny-ha,
To tell that there things be redd up and braw.
Upon a milk-white steed is Nory fet,
By liv'ry men attended well in state ;
Sae girt she was in strong and gallant graith,
As she could neither fall, nor meet with skaith :
And then sae braw, that she herfell misknew,
Sae in the wind her silks and scarlets flew :
Ane led her reins, with filler knaps full clear,
On ilka side twa walk'd by her right near.
The Squire himsell, upon a silver grey,
Rade close afore her to direct the way.
Colin was mounted in a gentle fuit,
With hat and wig, and riding gear compleat :
And Jean with orange silk is all clad o'er,
With mantle blue, and filler clasps before.
Then on they scour, and by the day was high,
They reach'd the glens, where mammy kept her ky,
All on the green they light before the sheal,
And mammy them receives with welcome hail.

Well, Lucky, says he, hae you try'd your hand
Upon your milk, as I gae you command ?
An't like your honour, quo' she, that I hae,
And in a glent, my child, yese find it sae.
Gang in and seat you on the funks all round.
And yese be fair'd with plenty in a stound.
Sae down they sat, and by himsell, the Squire
To place his Nory took a special care.
And whan they're fet, auld lucky eyes them a',
And sic a rout, says, here I never saw.
Well may ye all be, and well gae ye hame,
But I afore you all maun tell a dream,
I had last night, when I lay here my lane,
That yet in life I had seen bonny Jean.
Then says the Squire, pray lucky wha was she,
With whom in sleep ye might sae busy be ?

A friend of yours, she says, but yet I fear,
That ye of her could scarcely ever hear.
Ere ye was born, her fate was past and gane,
And she amais't forgot by ilka ane :
And that sweet face by you, I'd say, were she,
Wer't not she now could not so young-like be.

Tell on your tale, reply'd the Squire, for I
To hear it out am in anxiety.

Then said she, frae this back near thirty year,
Which is as yesterday to me as clear,
Frae your ain uncle's gate was nipt awa'
That bonny bairn, 'twas thought by Junky Fa,
That famous gypsy, that steal'd mony ane,
And of her since was notice never nane.
I at that time her worthy father sair'd,
And mony a tear the matter cost the laird :
Great search for her was made baith far and near,
But tint nor trial of her could we hear.

To this auld Colin glegly 'gan to hark,
Wha with his Jean sat butwards in the mark :
And says, goodwife, I reed your tale is true,
And I ne'er kent my wife's descent till now.
'Tis she had fae been stown by Junky Fa,
And I can tell you how she wan awa'.

My father and some neipers spy'd the rout
Of gypsies strolling, as they're early out ;
They dreaded fair, they might ca' aff some prey,
And gae them chase about the break of day.
The bonny bairn they in the hurry tint,
Our folks came up and found her in a glent ;
'Bout six or seven she looked then to be,
Her face was smear'd with some dun colour'd bree.
They fuish her hame, and an auld man call'd Dick,
A wealthy herd, that kent the gypsies trick
Of stealing bairns and smearing of their skin,
That had nae bairns himsell, first took her in ;

Wash'd aff the bree, and then her bonny face
Told, that she must be come of gentle race.
And Dick thought now, that he had found a fiddle,
Wha never brak his shins upon the cradle.
Syne meat he gae, the best he coud command,
And says, ye've now your daddie by the hand;
How ca' they you, my bairn, gin ye ken?
She answer maks, and says, they ca' me Jean.
Some ither qustions mair he speer'd, but she,
Cud of hersell but little quittance gee;
He only from some hints could eethly learn,
That, but a doubt, she was some gentle bairn.
Gin he was fain, far fainer was his wife,
And 'tweesh them twa she liv'd a happy life;
A little time made her her change forget,
Quite pleas'd in being dadd and minnie's pet.
Just as their ain she's fashen up, and ta'en
For Dick's ain dother now by ilka ane;
And blyth was he, that she e'en thought it fae,
And all his geer at last unto her gae.

When she and I forgather'd, I mysell,
Ken'd nought of all this strange, but couthy tale;
Dick and my father's now baith at a rest,
Dick's wife alane the verity kens best,
And tauld it me, and syne I speer'd at Jean;
She said about it, she did little ken.
Something of stairs and beds ran in her mind,
Than these at hame of quite anither kind;
Yet all but like a dream, and when at last
She's hauf persuaded of her antercast,
She said, What signifies't? we'll never ken
Oursells the richer, either butt or ben;
Upon our side we need na ly and lippen,
To what to us may from our gentry happen.
And sae thought I, but yet was something vain,
That sic an aught I now could ca' my ain;

And vain I may be now, when all that's past,
 By unco twines has fallen fae well at last.
 Then says to Jean, Come out afore the gawd,
 And let fouk see gin ye be what ye're ca'd.
 I fall, she says, and comes ben to the light;
 Auld mammy looks, and says, I'm right, I'm right!
 My dream is read, and this is bonny Jean,
 Her lady mither o'er and o'er again;
 In face and feature, and mickle about her eeld,
 When she to ruthless death was forc'd to yield;
 Bad was your luck, thought we, whan ye was stawn;
 But it wad look, ye on your feet had fa'en;
 When your goodman himsell, and also ye
 Look fae like to the thing that ye sud be.
 Then Jean reply'd, I should be right content,
 For the kind cavel that to me was lent;
 But it's nae lang, since I hae been fae braw,
 What I hae maistly had, hail claife was a'.
 Gueed luck, and ma'r nor gueed, I now may ca't,
 And thankful should I be, gin I could shaw't.

Ye're welcome, mother, fae I call you now;
 Well wair'd, I think, all that I've geen to you;
 And wad hae thought it due, now whan I ken,
 Replies the Squire, that ye are just my ain.
 Then unto mammy says, Do ye not mind,
 That to some travelling lasses ye was kind?
 'That ane of them ye roos'd fae wondrous fair,
 And sonnets made upon her face so fair;
 'Think ye, that ye that bonny face wad ken,
 In case that ye sud chance to see't again?
 Her looks, quo' she, fae gar'd my heart-strings beat,
 I reed, 'twas they that me a dreaming set;
 And I almaist wad swear, that same war she,
 That blinks beside you with her bonny eye;
 Save that she's brawer far; but what ken I
 But she has chang'd her claife since she yeed by?

Ye're right goodwife, says Nory, chang'd indeed,
Since I yeed by, is baith my mind and weed.
I'm in your debt for your gueed crouds and ream,
And ere lang days, I hope to pay you hame;
Your dream indeed has made me mair nor fain,
Now what I am when I begin to ken.

My bennifons upon your bonny face,
Auld lucky says, I wifs you mickle grace.
That ye are bonny Jean's I'm certain now,
Your eyes, nose, mouth, are just the same I vow.
Then says the Squire to lucky, D'ye mind,
That what to do, ye wifh'd I were inclin'd;
That was, to tak a wife ere I came hame;
I've done your will, and ta'en this charming dame;
This bonny lassie that now sits by me,
And my ain flesh and blood now proves to be.
Lang may you dream, for I am twice content,
That ane yet lives the verity that kent;
And has so seasonably latten me ken
That I hae match'd, and that amang my ain;
But this I'll say, tho' she had been nae mair,
But just my ain sweet country lassie there,
I never would my happy choice repent,
Tho' as she's what she is I'm as content.
If she her luck may prize, I also may,
I hope, prize mine unto my dying day.

Thus has this strange adventure ended right,
And ev'ry scene in due time come to light.
Jean from her lot obscure is now retriev'd,
And upon Nory honour due deriv'd.
Her comely face that look'd aboon her lot,
A chance becoming her descent has got.
All hame they went, and led a blythsome life,
Happy as ever yet were man and wife.
A blooming offspring frae this marriage sprang,
That honour'd virtue, and discourag'd wrang.

C O N C L U S I O N.

NOW, reader, lest thou think the time ill spent,
Thou on the reading of this tale hast lent,
Or should'st thou on review be apt to say,
I'd thrown my paper, pains, and time away;
Be pleas'd to see, couch'd in this harmless tale,
Some useful lessons try'd in reason's scale.
As love's a natural passion of the mind,
To which all ranks are more or less inclin'd,
Care has been taken, while we paint it here,
That nothing base or vicious should appear;
But what is chaste and virtuous all the while,
And only meets thee with a cheery smile.
See also the plain past'ral life describ'd,
Before it had oppressive views imbib'd;
And judge how sweet and harmless were the days,
When men were acted by such springs as these.
See also the reverse of this fair plan,
After oppressive measures first began;
And from the havock that this practice brought,
Be taught to hate it ev'n in very thought.
If any arts thou find'st are here practis'd,
To gain some ends, unlawfully devis'd;
Be not offended; turn thy eyes within,
And let him first throw stones that wants the sin.
'Tis not for practice, tho' too much the way,
That 'tis allow'd a place in our essay;
But rather to evince, when we pretend
To gain by slight, that we shall lose our end.
Nought, in a word, is here at all design'd,
To misconduct, or to debauch the mind;
But to amuse it when too earnest bent,
Or recreate a spirit overspent;

To help to pass a lonesome winter night,
Still saving room for graver subjects right.
No line is for the critic here design'd,
To find him work, or please his captious mind.
For me, he all his pains and time shall waste,
I do not mean at all to please his taste.
Enough my brains I have already beat,
And judge it time to found my loud retreat.

THE END.





RURAL LOVE:

A
T A L E.

WHEN merry Charles the sceptre sway'd,
And none through force or fear obey'd;
There liv'd a man in Waterairn *,
A widower, with ae lasb bairn.
Twa hunder marks he had to gie 'er,
Brought men and lads afouth to see 'er.

The first we mention was a schollar,
Who ne'er had grace to save a dollar;
Tho' deemt a wonder for his wit,
And for the mony sangs he writ.
Deep learn'd in Greek and Latin reading,
And famous for his skill in bleeding.
Ten years he taught the parish-school,
And all he did was done by rule.

With ev'ry classick name acquainted,
No art or science e'er invented,
But he cou'd trace it to the source,
And talk distinctly of its course.
Sometimes when o'er a pot of ale,
What wondrous wonders wou'd he tell!
Of Hector and the walls of Troy;
Of Venus and her fav'rite boy;
Of Priam, Paris, and Leander;
Of Nile, Ilissus, and Scamander;
Of Jason and the golden fleece;
And all the states of antient Greece;

* A village in Cromar, in the shire of Aberdeen.

With joy and admiration heard,
And as an oracle rever'd,
If what he said was e'er disputed,
The brutes, in Latin were confuted;
While by his parts and learning fir'd,
Each farmer's son at fame aspir'd;
For Dispauter * forsook the trade,
For which by Nature he was made.

His only fault was *amat potum*,
To ev'ry other vice *ignotum*.
Solemn, as it became his place,
And just a model in his dress;
Still clad in rev'rend black or blue,
The eyes of half the kirk he drew.
How gracefully he read the line,
And how he rais'd the air divine,
Is not in language to express,
So those who do not know, must guess.

In person he had often tried
To gain the father to his side,
At last resolv'd to write a letter,
Tho' well he spake, he wrote still better.
The kind epistle thus begun——

“There is not, Sir, beneath the sun,
A man that loves your daughter more,
I swear by Jove whom all adore.
Struck by the lightning of her eyes,
My heart like Salamander fries;
My soul transfix'd by Cupid's dart,
Forever feels the keenest smart;
Nor can I longer hope to live,
Unless to me, ye Peggy give.
Ignoble souls might court your pelf,
For me, I only love herself.”

* The Author of a Latin Grammar taught in those days.

This, carefully seal'd up, he sent him,
In haste, lest others should prevent him.
He knew the stile and sense were good,
And thought it cou'd not be withstood.
Ah! what avails it to be wise,
If paltry riches fate denies!
Reader! with indignation burn,
If thou peruse the vile return.

“ Good master James, I had your letter,
And humbly think you can't do better,
'Than take a pint to cool your liver;
'Take this advice, and thank the giver.”
Mefs James affronted, drew his pass,
And swore the carl was an ass.

Proceed we next to Johny Smart,
The farrest ben in Meggy's heart;
Since they had kept the sheep together,
They had a love for ane anither.
Then mony a blythsome hour had they,
The very langest simmer's day,
Seem'd short to them wi' harmless play.

He aft wad say, “ My dearest Megg,
With thee, I vow I'd rather beg,
Than wed the richest lass alive;
As I speak true, sae may I thrive.”
While she, wha kentna pride nor guile,
Wad gladly hear, then with a smile
Mak answer thus, “ My dearest Johny,
I'm neither bra, nor rich, nor bonny,
These wants repining never mends,
There's nane has mair than heav'n lends.
But let me boast an honest heart,
With it for a' I wadna part,
And hear me vow ye watchfu' pow'rs!
Who tak delight in love like ours;

That heart to Johny fall be true,
And never think of lover new.
If I be fae, nae mair protect me,
Fame, health, and friends, at anes forsake me."

Then wad he tak her in his arms,
(Sic innocence has pow'rfu' charms,)
Hard prefs her cheek, and warmly say,
"Ye pow'rs aboon! baith night and day
I'll gie ye praise, for this your gift,
The dearest las beneath the lift.
O! as she's guid from ill preserve 'er,
And mak me better to deserve 'er."

With sic discourse they past the time,
And aften pat their thoughts in rhyme,
The words for pleasing sounds made meet,
Young Peggy sang, with voice fae sweet,
That all the list'ning flocks drew nigh,
And ev'n the lavrocks left the sky.

But John, alas! had not the ready,
So durst not ask her of her daddy.
Eleven sheep, and ae beast hog,
A horse, a cow, a cat and dog,
A house and pantry thinly plenish'd,
A wob his mother left unfinish'd,
Twa site of clais, ane double blew,
And ane of tartan, maist split new;
A sword, a pistol, and a gun
Which mony a youl the the prize had won;
A new blew bonnet and cockade,
A shoulder belt, and tartan plaid;
Was a' the gear that Johny had.

We name nae mair, but Peter Shaw,
Her daddy's choice aboon them a'.
A batchellor, baith warm and wealthy,
Tho' turn'd of fifty, stout and healthy.

His father was a zealous saint,
 Who fought for kirk and covenant * ;
 Till ae day on the muir of Affort †
 He got a maist uncanny sclaffort.
 The antichristian ‡ aim'd sae sicker,
 He made his head ring like bicker ;
 The haf his beard hung ovr his chin,
 And wae befel the teeth within.
 Backward he fell, with hideous roar,
 (His bleed he never saw before ;)
 In this sad plight, in dread he lay,
 Till Bailie's men had lost the day.

Then thrice he tried, at last arose,
 And round the bloody field he goes,
 Not to lament the dead, or dying,
 For neither kirk, nor country crying ;
 But sick of fighting, thus he pray'd,
 " O be my zeal at length repaid !——
 A purse I need."——His pray'r was heard
 He found a youth without a beard ;
 Just in the agonies of death,
 Him, kindly he depriv'd of breath ;
 Then from his fob a purse he drew,
 With fifty pounds, if fame says true.
 Slow from the field, with this he sped,
 And mony a waefu face he made.

* The Solemn League and Covenant, the great bone of contention in the unfortunate reign of King Charles I.

† Affort, properly Alford, the name of a parish about twenty miles north-west from Aberdeen. The battle of Alford was fought July 2, 1645 ; Montrose commanded the Royalists, and Bailie the Covenanters. The latter were entirely defeated.

‡ Antichristian. An epithet very liberally bestowed by the Covenanters, upon such as presumed to oppose, what they were pleased to call the cause of Christ and his kirk.

Sair bent upon his sword he lay,
And scarce made out three miles a day.
His wife, who past the day in pain,
And doubtless thought her dear was slain;
Flew to the door in haste, to meet 'im,
And thus, fu glad, began to greet 'im,
"His name be prais'd ye're safe come hame!
Last night I had the oddest dream;
Methought I saw our ain mefs John
The stirrup had till ye lap on,
But ere ye parted words arose,
And after words ye came to blows."
Quo John, "Your dream was partly true,
He set me on the job I rue,
But frae this day, I'll fight nae mair,
Nor in kirk quarrels tak a share."
The carl strictly kept his word,
And in the hen-roost stuck his sword;
Nor cou'd mefs John with a' his logicks
Again engage him in sic projects.
The purse, however fairly come,
In time accrefs'd to twice the sum;
And Peter was his only heir,
For childer he had never mair.

Now on a day when Pate was there,
Auld Gilbert took the gardy-chair.
Megg was cried ben, then quoth her dad,
"My chiel, ye're shortly to be wed,
To Peter here, my honest friend;
My day, God help me, 's near an end;
And Megg, fan I'm laid i'the grafe,
To leave you fingle were not safe;
Heaven only kens fan that may be,
Neist Reed-day I'm threescore and three;
Sae what nig-naes a bride wad need
Provide yoursel with a' your speed."

“Do fae, quo Peter, want for naething,
 But get frae tap to tae new claithing;
 My lad's gaen in to Aberdeen,
 Ife gar him buy ye heigh-heel'd sheen.
 And if the bear fells well, a ring,
 A ribbon belt, and mony a thing.
 Ye's want for naething I can gie ye,
 For be my contens Megg, I loo ye;
 Ye's live with me as guid a life
 As ever yet liv'd marry'd wife;
 And if I happen first to die,
 There's nane fall heir me Megg, bat ye.”

“Gae keep your heirships, answer'd Megg,
 When young I'll fere, when auld I'll beg,
 Afore I marry sic as ye,
 Ye're maist three times as auld as me.”

“Quo Gilbert, if he's auld or young,
 I counsel you to had your tongue;
 I makna doubt the airy foel
 Wha maista danc'd you dead at youl,
 Wad please you mair, but dame, trust me,
 Him ye fall wed and nane but he.”

“Troth then, quo Megg, I'll never lie,
 I loo a lad, and he loes me;
 And ye fall as fein tak my life,
 As mak me ony ither's wife”——

She said,—then sob'd and grat fu fair——

“O ho, quo Peter, greet nae mair!
 Troth las I'm nae fae daft about ye,
 But I can live fellwell without ye——
 And dorty Megg, to tell ye mair,
 If't hadna been for Gibbie's gear,
 I hadna speer'd for sic as you”——

“Quo Gilbert, Carl, if that be true,
 Out o' my house!—shame o' your greed,
 If ye were ane that stood in need

Of gear, I wadna think fae muckle,
March aff, with her ye fanna buckle.
I thought a' cheatin twa-fac'd loons,
Had liv'd in courts and borrowstowns,
But now I plainly see by ye,
There's nae place frae sic vermin free."

"Quo Peter, ye may flyt your fill,
Of what I said I think nae ill;
I own the lassie's well enough,
But beauty winna mend the pleugh.
A pox! d'ye think a chap like me,
Who's fifty winters seen, and three,
Wad enter on debate and strife,
For sic a joke's a bonny wife?
Though love on beardless boys works wonders,
We auld fook seldom mak sic blunders.
Wiest Megg, I didna mean to vex ye;
Mayhaps, the sight of me affects ye.
Sae Gilbert I'll bid guid be wi' you"—

"Quo Gilbert let me never see you
Within my dore—Gae hugg your pelf,
Or court some dottard like yourself."

Megg's heart was then as blyth and light
As ever a bride's on bridal night;
But ay she grat—nor wad she still,
Till Gilbert said, "Ye's hae your will;
Tak wha ye like, if 'tis your ruin,
Mind, it's a browst of your ain browin."

Just as he spake, John Smart came in,
"God fens! quo he, why a' this din,
What ails ye Megg, to figh and sobb?—
Mayhaps the wobster's spoil'd your wob."
Then Gilbert tauld him a' the story,
Frae tap to tail—Quo John, "I'm sorry
That ye sud be fae fain o' gear,
To sell your dother like a mare.

If I might be sae bauld's advise
 A man like you, baith auld and wise;
 Your dother ye fud gie to nane,
 Who wadna tak her gown-alane.
 Nor wad I hae their age uneven,
 Can twenty gree with fifty-seven?
 Owr aft we see what weary lives
 Are led twish auld men and young wives;
 For auld fouk bein maistly fretfu,
 A' that's nae grave, to them seems hatefu;
 Contrair to that, young things are wantin,
 Their tongues ay gaen, their hearts ay pantin
 For something new—While these tak pleasure
 In naething earthly but their treasure.
 Nae finer are they help'd to bed,
 And a' the shankers larums laid,
 Than dead asleep—their grating snore
 Bids wakriff wives their fate deplore."

Quo Gilbert, " John, ye speak fu well,
 I doubt ye're preachin for yoursel.
 Come tell me dame, wha 'tis ye loo?"
 Megg rubb'd her een, and said, " It's he—
 He's lood me lang, he loes me well;
 We baith thought shame and durstna tell.
 Gie me your bleffin, keep your gear,
 If I get him, I'll seek nae mair.
 I'll work ungrudg'd frae morn till night,
 And doe my best to keep things right,
 But sic a carl I wadna wed,
 Nae though he were in scarlet clad.
 Alas! what's a' the warld to me,
 Except I get the lad I loe?
 With him I dinna fear its care,
 We'll ane anither's sorrows share."

John's heart bet fair the while, for fear
 He fud be cast for want of gear;

But Gilbert, weighing the event,
Said, "Cilder, if ye're baith content
With ane anither, I'll no break ye;
God blefs ye baith, and happy make ye."—

"Content! quo' John,—I canna speak—
O me!—for joy my heart will break!"—

"Then tak her John, and wi' her a'
My guid's and gear, baith great and sma'.
If she be haf as guid's her mither,
Ye'll baith be blest in ane anither.

Ay John, she was as guid a wife
As ever blest a poer man's life;
She didna waste what I had won!—

Na, ev'ry year the wobs she spun
Near paid the laird—On her death-bed,

She laid her hand on Meggy's head;

And said, my chiel I'm gaen to die,

Alas my heart! to part with thee;

Fear God; and thou needst fear nae ill;

Thy father love, and doe his will.

If e'er thou lead'st a married life,

Be an obedient kindly wife,

Nor gie ill words, to kindle strife.

Let nought but death your love divide—

Sein after, 'las my fell, she died!"—

The auld man sigh'd and ended here,

And frae ilk eye he drapt a tear.

Quo' John, "May God be your reward,

'Cause to our love ye've had regard;

I have nae ither way to pay ye,

But ay to honour and obey ye,

And that I'll doe, wi' hand and heart,

As lang's I live; and guid my part.

And what I want in gear and filler,

Sall be made up in kindness till 'er.

Thanks, gracious pow'rs!—ye've heard my pray'r,
Put up fae aft, baith let and air,
To grant me Meggy for my wife——
Come to me, dearer than my life!"——
Then in his arms he caught, and prest 'er
Close to his beating heart, and kist 'er.
Nane can conceive the joy they tasted,
While mutual embraces lasted:
Their very fauls each other kist,
Ne'er pair were happier since the first.

Gilbert the tender scene beheld,
With eyes that tears of joy had fill'd;
Those happy days it brought to mind,
When he was young, and Jannet kind;
When he was fond, and she was fair,
And love took off the edge of care.

Then thus—"My childer, human life,
Made up of pleasures, cares, and stife,
The same appearance keeps not long;
What now seems right, seem'd lately wrong;
The view of all your wishes crown'd,
Has ev'ry boist'rous passion drown'd,
But trust me, time will make them rise,
Then learn to rule them, and be wise.
In friendship live, tho' fondness cease,
And trust to prudence for your peace;
To peace let all your wishes tend,
For both through frailty must offend.
Believe experience, perfect blifs
Exists not in a world like this;
Thus think—nor blame the heav'nly pow'rs;
The lot of mortals must be yours."

With rev'rend awe, th' advice was taken,
Though both believ'd the man mistaken:
They could not think that time or chance,
Their blifs could lessen or enhance.

A few weeks after they were wed,
And happy was the life they led;
His constant care was how to please 'er,
No toil he counted hard, could ease 'er;
They both with emulation strove,
Who most should serve and dearest love.
Kind heav'n to heighten all their joys,
In seven years, sent seven boys.
Auld Gilbert liv'd till aughty-seven,
Then slept on earth, to wake in heav'n.



THE
FARMER'S HA'.

IN winter nights, wha e'er has seen
The Farmer's canty Ha' conven,
Finds a' thing there to please his een,
And heart enamour,
Nor lings to see the town, I ween,
That houff o' clamour.

Whan stately stacks are tightly theekit,
And the wide style is fairly steekit,
Nae birkie, fure, save he were streekit
For his lang hame,
But wad gie mair for ae short week o't
Than I can name.

Hire-women ay the glowmin hail,
For syne the lads come frae the flail,
Or else frae haddin the plough-tail,
That halefome wark;
Disease about they dinna trail,
Like city spark.

They a' drive to the ingle cheek,
Regardless o' a flan o' reek,
And well their meikle fingers beek,
To gie them tune,
Syne futors al'son nimbly streek,
To mend their shoon.

They pow and rax the lingel tails,
Into their brogs they ca' the nails,

Wi' hammers now, instead of flails,
They make great rackets,
And set about their heels wi' rails
O' clinkin tacketts.

And ay till this mifthriven age,
The gudeman here sat like a sage,
Wi' mill in hand, and wife adage
He spent the night;
But now he sits in chamber cage,
A pridefu' wight.

The lasses wi' their unshod heels,
Are sittin at their spinning wheels,
And well ilk blythsome kemper dreels,
And bows like wand;
The auld gudewife the pirny reels
Wi' tenty hand.

The carlin ay for spinning bent,
Tells them right aft, they've fawn ahent,
And that the day is e'en far spent,
Reminds ilk huffey,
And cries, Ye'll nae mak out your stent,
Save ye be busy.

Tib braks, wi' haste, her foot-broad latch;
Meg lights the crusey wi' a match;
Auld lucky bids them mak dispatch,
And girdle heat,
For she maun yet put out a batch
O' bear and ait.

There's less wark for the girdle now,
Nor was in days of yore, I trow,
Gude scouder'd bannock has nae gou'
To husbandmen;
For o'en wheat bread dits ilka mou'
That stays the-ben.

The young gudewife and bairns a'
Right feenil now look near the ha'
For fear their underlins sud shaw

But pride was never kent to draw
Love or respect.

The tailor lad, lang fam'd for fleas,
Sits here and maks and mends the claise;
And vow the swankies like to teaze

Him wi' their mocks,
The women cry, he's ill to please,
And crack their jokes.

But he's a flee and cunning lown,
And taunts again ilk jeering clown;
For tho' nae bred in borrows town,
 He's wondrous gabby,
And fouth o' wit comes frae his crown,
 Tho' he be shabby.

Auld farrant tales he skreeds awa',
And ca's their lear but *clippings* a',
And bids them gang to *Thimble-ha'*,
Wi' *needle* speed,
And learn wit without a *flaw*,
Frae the board head.

Auld luckie says they're in a creel,
And redd's them up, I trow, fu' well,
Cries, 'Lasses, occupy your wheel,
 'And strait the pin;'
And bids the taylor haste and dreel
 Wi' little din.

Quo she, ‘ Ye’ve mickle need to sew,
‘ O times are fairly alter’d now !
‘ For two-pence was the wage, I trow,
‘ To ony Scot ;

But now-a-days ye crook your mou'
' To seek a groat.'

The colly dog lies i' the nook,
The place whilk his auld father took,
And aft toward the door does look,
Wi' aspect crouse:
For unco' fouk he canno' brook
Within the house.

Here bawdrins fits, and cocks her head,
And smooths her coat o' nature's weed,
And purrs contentedly indeed,
And looks fu' lang,
To see gin fouk be takin heed
To her braw fang.

The auld gudewife, who kens her best,
Behads her wash her face and breast;
Sye honest luckie does protest
That rain we'll hae,
Or on-ding o' some kind at least,
Afore't be day.

To her remarks lifts ilka lafs,
And what she says aft comes to pafs,
Altho' she hae nae *chymic mafs*
To weigh the air;
For puffy's granum's weather-glass
I do declare.

Nae sooner has auld luckie done,
Nor Meg cries, she'll wad baith her shoon,
That we fall hae weet very soon,
And weather rough;
For she saw round about the moon
A muckle brough.

Aft-times the canty lilt gaes round,
And ilka face wi' mirth is crown'd,

And whiles they sing in safer sound,
 Sic as the fwain
 Of Yarrow, or some lover drown'd
 In ruthless main.

O royal tales gae brawly on,
And feats of fouk that's dead and gone ;
The *windy* piper sounds his drone,
As well he can ;
And aft they speak of their Mefs John,
That haly man.

They banish hence a' care and dool,
For they were bred at mirthfu' school ;
They count how lang it is to yule,
Wi' pleasure vast ;
And tell wha' sat the cutty stool
On sabbath last.

The chapman lad wi' gab fae free,
Comes in, and mixes i' the glee,
After he's trampet out the ee
O mony dub,
And gotten frae the blast to dree
A hearty drub.

He says he did auld reekie ca',
To bring them things to mak them braw,
And got them free o' crack and flaw,
And patterns rare:
The proverb says, 'Fowls far awa'
'Hae feathers fair.'

He tells them he's weel sorted now
O' a' thing gude, and cheap, and new ;
His fleekit speeches pafs for true
 Wi' ane and a' ;
The pedlars ken fu' well the cue
 O Farmer's Ha'.

He hads his trinkets to the light,
And speers what they're to buy the night;
Syn e a' the lasses loup bawk height
Wi' perfect joy,
Cause lads for them coff broach so bright,
Or shining toy.

They finger at the trantlims lang,
And when they're bargaining right thrang,
In does the gauger quickly bang,
Wi' visage awfu',
In quest o' some forbidden fang,
Or goods unlawfu'.

He says, his information's close,
And bids them therefore nae be cross,
Or else they'll find it to their loss,
And skaith nae sma',
For he'll their doors to flinders tofs,
And stand the law.

Ben the gudeman comes wi' a spang,
And says, '*Ye're short to be sae lang,*
' But think nae, billy, ye're to dwang
' Fouk wi' a sham,
' For fave ye, shaw your warrant, gang
' The gate ye cam.'

Wi' birr he bangs his paper out,
And thinks his point ayont a doubt,
To ilka hirn he takes his rout,
(For he's nae fay)
And gangs just staverin about,
In quest o' prey.

After he's rais'd a needliss reek,
Syn e he begins to grow mair meek,

For he meets wi' a great begeek
 Frae empty binks,
 Sae wi' his finger in his cheek,
 Awa' he flinks.

The gauger's scarcely frae the door,
 When beggars they come in gelore,
 Wi' wallops flapping in great store,
 Rais'd up in cairns,
 And birns baith a-hint and 'fore,
 O' greetin bairns.

The auld anes raise a whinging tone,
 And sigh and sob, and cry, Ohon!
 Syne blessings come with mony drone,
 Frae man and wife,
 Wha to their childer seek a scone,
 To succour life.

Quo' they, ' We're trachled unco fair,
 ' We've gane twal mile o' yerd and mair,
 ' The gait was ill, our feet war bare,
 ' The night is weety,
 ' And gin ye quarters hae to spare,
 ' O shaw your pity!'

The lasses yammer frae their wheel,
 ' There's mony sturdy gangril chiel
 ' That might be winnin meat fu' well,
 ' And claife an' a',
 ' Ye're just fit to make muck o' meal,
 ' Sae fwith awa'.'

Auld lucky cries, ' Ye're o'er ill set,
 ' As ye'd hae measure, ye sud met;
 ' Ye ken na what may be your fate
 ' In after-days,
 ' The black cow has nae trampet yet
 ' Upo' your taes.

‘ Gie o’er your daft and taunting play,
‘ For you and they are baith ae clay;
‘ Rob, tak them to the barn, I say,
 ‘ And gie them strae,
‘ There let them rest till it be day,
 ‘ And syne they’ll gae.’

Whan John the head hire-man comes in,
They mak a loud and joyfu’ din,
For ilka heart is rais’d a pin,
 And mair, I trow,
And in a trice they round him rin,
 To get what’s new.

O wat ye whare the lad has been,
That they’re fae happy ilka ane?
Nae far aff journey, as I ween,
 For ploy fae rare;
But, reader, ye shall ken bedeen
 The hale affair.

As he was working lang and strang,
And fallowing wi’ pith and bang,
The couter o’ the pleugh gaed wrang,
 (A’ thing maun wear)
Syne he did to the smithy gang,
 To mend the gear.

This is the houff of ane and a’,
And mony ane does *iven* draw,
Although they hae but errand sma’
 To tak them there,
Some gang to hear, and some to shaw
 Their rustic lear.

They tell news here of a’ kin kind,
In pithy words as e’er war coin’d,
Sic as beseem the untaught mind,
 And nature plain,

Sic as the heart will sooner find
Than speeches vain.

Of John's return spak ilka nook,
They aft gaed to the door to look ;
For they were on the tenter-hook,
For smithy chat ;
And now, I trow, like printed book,
He gies them that.

He thus begins, ‘ What’s this ava’,
‘ There’s fad wark in America,
‘ For fouk there winna keep the law,
 ‘ But wad be free,
‘ Nor o’ King George stand ony awe,
 ‘ Nor taxes gie.

' They say we're lifting heaps indeed,
' And flipping them awa' we speed,
' And vow I fear there's mickle need ;
 ' By what I hear,
' The rebels hae made unco head
 ' Within this year.

' The smith thinks they hae play'd a trick,
 ' Sin we o' time did miss the nick,
 ' But now let us our winning lick,
 ' (He cry'd in pet),
 ' And said, Fouk sud the iron strike,
 ' Ay whan it's het.

‘ I wish our fowk soon hame again,
‘ And nae to dander ’yont the main,
‘ Because I dread the King o’ Spain,
‘ And wily France,
‘ Will seek the thing that’s nae their ain,
‘ And lead’s a dance.

I wat o' cunning they're nae lame,
 And they wad think it a braw scheme,
 Whan our men's far awa' frae hame,
 ' Mischief to ettle;
 At other times we'd make them tame,
 ' And cool their mettle.

But I'll hae done wi' foreign lands,
 And mind the thing that's nearer hand's;
 On Friday next a bridal stands
 ' At the Kirk-town,
 The bridegroom gae me great commands
 ' To bring ye down.'

Quo' Meg and Kate, ' We'll keep the town,
 We're laying up to buy a gown.'
 Howt fy! (quo' Jock, that blythsome lown)
 ' O binna thrawin,
 For Rob and I fall doffy down
 ' Your dinner-lawin.

As bairns blyth wha get the play,
 I trow we'll hae a merry day,
 And I'm to be the *Alikay*
 ' At Kirk-town ha':
 Mind, Sirs, put on your best array,
 ' And let's be braw.

O lasses! ye's get *favours* fair,
 And *sweethearts* may be ye'll get there,
 We'll hae a day o' dancing rare,
 ' Just in a trice;
 But mind, your soals ye manna spare,
 ' Nor yet be nice.

Gin ye wad thole to hear a friend,
 Take tent, and nae wi' strunts offend,
 I've seen queans dink, and neatly prin'd,
 ' Frae tap to middle,

' Looking just like the far-aff end
' O' an auld fiddle.

Wow but they a' tak wondrous tent,
Till Jonnie's budget is quite spent,
And syne baith ane and a' are bent,
To tell their minds;
Then comes the various comment,
Frae honest hinds.

Nature unhurt by thrawart man,
And nae margullied by chicane,
I trow, fu' doughtily she can
Shaw reason's power:
Sure fa'se philosophy began
In hapless hour.

The farmer now comes ben the house,
Whilk o' their gabbin makes a truce,
The lads and lasses a' grow douse,
And spare their din;
For true's the tale, ' Well kens the mouse,
' When pussie's in !'

And syne he does his orders gie,
And says, ' Ye'll busy need to be,
' The fallowing yon field, I see,
' Taks unco' force:
' But gae awa' enow (quo' he)
' And meat the horse.'

While I discrive this happy spot,
The supper manna' be forgot,
Now lasses round the ingle trot,
To make the brose,
And swankies they link aff the pot,
To hain their joes.

The dishes set on unspread table,
To answer nature's wants are able,

Round caps and plates, the cutties sable
Are flung ding dang :
The lads and lasses to enable
Their wames to pang.

They a' thrang round the lang board now,
Whare there is meat for ilka mou' ;
Hiremen their hats and bonnets pu'
Upo' their face,
But gentle fouks think shame to bow,
Or say a grace.

O here are joys uninterup',
Far hence is pleasure's gangrene cup ;
Clear blooded health tends ilka sup
O' simple diet ;

But flies awa' frae *keeping't up*,
And midnight riot.

When supper's o'er and thanks are gien,
Mirth dances round wi' canty mein,
In daffin', and in gabbin keen

An hour they pass ;
And ilka lad, wi' pawky een,
Looks at his lass.

But Morpheus begins to chap,
And bids them a' gae tak a nap ;
And whan they've sleepit like a tap,
They rise to wark,
Like Phœbus out o' Thetis' lap,
As blyth's a lark.



WILL AND JEAN:

OWRE TRUE A TALE!

WHA was ance like *Willie Gairlace*,
Wha in neeboring town, or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will cou'd rin, or wrastle?
Throw the sledge, or tols the bar?
Hap what wou'd, he stood a Castle
Or for safety, or for war:

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
Wi' the bauld, he bauld cou'd be;
But to friends wha had their handfu'
Purse and service ay ware free.

Whan he first saw *Jeanie Miller*,
Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—
Thousands had mair braws and filler,
But ware ony half fae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
Glinting owre *Demait's* * brow:
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning
Strevlin's lovely plain below!

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bare the bell;—
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!
But her *look* nae tongue can tell!

* One of the Ochil Hills near Stirling.—*Dun-ma-chit* (Gaelic),
the hill of the good prospect.—It is pronounced *De-mi-it*.

Sic was *Jean* whan *Will* first mawing
Spied her on a thraward beast;
Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing
Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her pale as ashes
'Cross the meadow, fragrant, green!
Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,
Watching fad her opening een.

Sic was *Will*, whan poor *Jean* fainting
Draught into a lover's arms;
Waken'd to his fast lamenting;
Sigh'd, and blush'd a thousand charms:

Soon they loo'd, and soon war buckl'd;
Nane took time to think and rue.—
Youth and worth and beauty cuppl'd;
Luv had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
Jean and Will thought them but *ane*;
Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
Ilka year a dainty wean;

Will wrought fair; but ay wi' pleasure;
Jean the hale day span and sang;
Will and Weans her constant treasure,
Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang;

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye
Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!—
But at this time *News* and *Whisky*
Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Lucklefs was the hour whan Willie,
Hame returning frae the fair,
Ow'r-took *Tam* a neebour billie,
Sax miles frae their hame and mair;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;
 Calmly smil'd the sober e'en;
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry
 Skelping bare-fit owre the green;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
 Canty *Hairst* was just begun,
 And on mountain, tree and water
 Glinted fast the setting Sun.

Will and Tam wi' hearts a' lowpin
 Mark'd the hale, but cou'd nae bide;
 Far frae hame, nae time for stoppin;
 Baith wish'd for their ain fire side

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,
 Cracking owre the news in town;
 The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youthy
 Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

FORTUNE wha but seldom listens
 To poor merit's modest pray'r;
 And on fools heaps needless bleffins,
 Hearken'd to our drouthy pair;

In a Howm, wha's bonny burnie
 Whimperin row'd its chrystal flood,
 Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,
 Neat and bield a Cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
 Window broads, just painted red;
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
 Hafflins seen and hafflins hid;

Up the gavel end thick spreading
 Crap the clasping Ivy green,
 Back ower, Firs the high craigs cleading
 Rais'd a' round a cozey screen;

Down below, a flow'ry meadow
Join'd the burnie's rambling line;—
Here it was, that *Howe the window*
This fame day, fet up her sign.

Brattling down the brae and near its
Bottom, Will first marveling sees
PORTER, ALE, and *BRITISH SPIRITS*,
Painted bright between twa trees.

"Godfake! Tam, here's walth for drinking;—
"Wha can this new commer be?"—
"Hoot! quo' Tam, there's drouth in thinking—
"Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak or
Think o' ought but reaming jugs;
Till three times in humming liquor
Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slockned now, refresh'd and talking,
In cam Meg (weel skill'd to please)
"Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;—
"Ye maun taste my bread and cheefe."

"Thanks, quo' Will;—I canna' tarry,
"Pick mirk night is setting in,
"*Jean*, poor thing's! her lane and eery—
"I maun to the road and rin."

"Hoot! quo' Tam, what's a' the hurry?
"Hame's now scarce a mile o' gait—
"Come! sit down—*Jean* winna wearie:
"Lord! I'm fure it's no fae late!"

Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,
Baith fell to and ate their fill,—
"Tam! quo' Will, in meer discretion
"We maun hae the *Widow's gill*."

After ae gill came anither—

Meg fat cracking 'tween them twa,
Bang! cam in *Mat Smith* and's brither,
Geordie Brown and *Sandie Shaw*.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,
Now fat down wi' double glee,
Ilk gill aye grew sweet and sweeter!—
Will gat hame 'tween *twa* and *three*.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin;
Will, neist mornin, blam'd *Tam Lowes*,
But ere lang, an owkly meetin
Was set up at *Maggie Howe's*.

Maist things hae a sma' beginnin,
But wha kens how things will end?
Owkly clubs are nae great finnin,
Gin fouk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinkin
E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in owkly drinkin
What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae *conversation*,
Ilka social soul allows;
But in this *reformin nation*,
Wha can speak without the *NEWS*?

News, first meant for state Physicians,
Deeply skill'd in Courtly drugs:
Now when a' are Politicians,
Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's Club, wha cou'd get nae light
On some things that shou'd be clear,
Found ere lang the fau't, and ae night
Clubb'd and gat the *GAZETTEER* *.

* The *EDINBURGH GAZETTEER*, a violent opposition paper,
published in 1793-4.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
Swith! by post the papers fled!
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser then another,—
“*Things are no ga'en right, quo Tam,*
“*Let us aftner meet thegither;*
“*Twice a owk's no worth a d—n.*”

See them now in grave Convention
To mak a' things *square and even*;
Or at least wi' firm intention,
To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinkin,
Gathering a' the news that fell;
Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin,
Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, *Drink's* deadly poison
Bare ilk firm resolve awa';
On the ither, *Jean's* condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow!
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek!
Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow
Whan, poor thing, she cou'd nae speak!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
Owkly clubs 'mang three or four,
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'
Heartsome hours whan wark was owre,

But whan now that *nightly* meetings
Sat and drank frae sax till twa;
Whan she found that hard-earn'd gettings
Now on drink war thrown awa;

Saw her *Will* wha ance sae cheerie
 Raife ilk morning wi' the lark,
 Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye
 To look near his farm or wark ;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee ;
 And o' *Luve* and *Hame* grown wearit,
 Nightly fra his family flee ;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining ?
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek ?
 Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
 Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek !

Will, wha lang had rued and fwith'er'd,
 (Aye a'ham'd o' past disgrace)
 Mark'd the roses as they wither'd
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face !

Mark'd,—and felt wi' inward rackin
 A' the wyte lay wi' himsell,—
 Swore neist night he'd mak a breakin,—
 D—n'd the *Club* and *News* to hell !

But alas ! whan *habit's* rooted,
 Few hae pith the root to pu' ;
 Will's resolves war aye nonsuited,
Promis'd aye, but aye gat fou ;

Aye at first at the convening
 Moraliz'd on what was right,—
 Yet on clavers entertaining
 Doz'd and drank till broad day light.

Things at length draw near an ending,
 Cash rins out ; Jean quite unhappy
 Sees that Will is now past mending,
 Tynes a' heart, and taks a—*drappy* !

Ilka drink deserves a posey,
Port maks men rude, *Claret* civil;
Beer maks Britons stout and rosy
WHISKY maks ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction
Wi' fae meek and mild an air,
School'd by Whisky, learns new tricks soon,
Flyts, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, fae late the tenderest mither,
Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean!
Now, heart harden'd a' thegether
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye
In her hame-spun thrifty wark;
Now sells a' her braws for Whisky
To her last gown, coat and sark!

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty
Loudly sings, in whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity
E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor *Caledonia*
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in Hell's black *Pandemonia*,
Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!

"Wha was ance like *Willie Gairlace*?
"Wha in neeboring town or farm?
"Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
"Deadly strength was in his arm!

"Whan he first saw *Jeanie Miller*,
"Wha wi' *Jeanie* cou'd compare?
"Thousands had mair braws and filler,
"But ware ony half fae fair?"

See them now—how chang'd wi' *drinking!*

A' their youthfu' beauty gane!—

Daver'd, doited, daiz'd and blinking,

Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,

(*Claise*, and *Cash*, and *Credit* out)

Cowring owre a dying ember,

Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

Bond and bill, and debts a' stoppit,

Ilka sheaf felt on the bent;

Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit

Now to pay the Laird his rent;

No anither night to lodge here!

No a friend their cause to plead!

He ta'en on to be a Sodger,

She wi' weans to beg her bread!

O' a' the ills poor *Caledonia*

E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,

Brew'd in *Hell's* black *Pandemonia*,

WHISKY's ill will skaith her maist!



